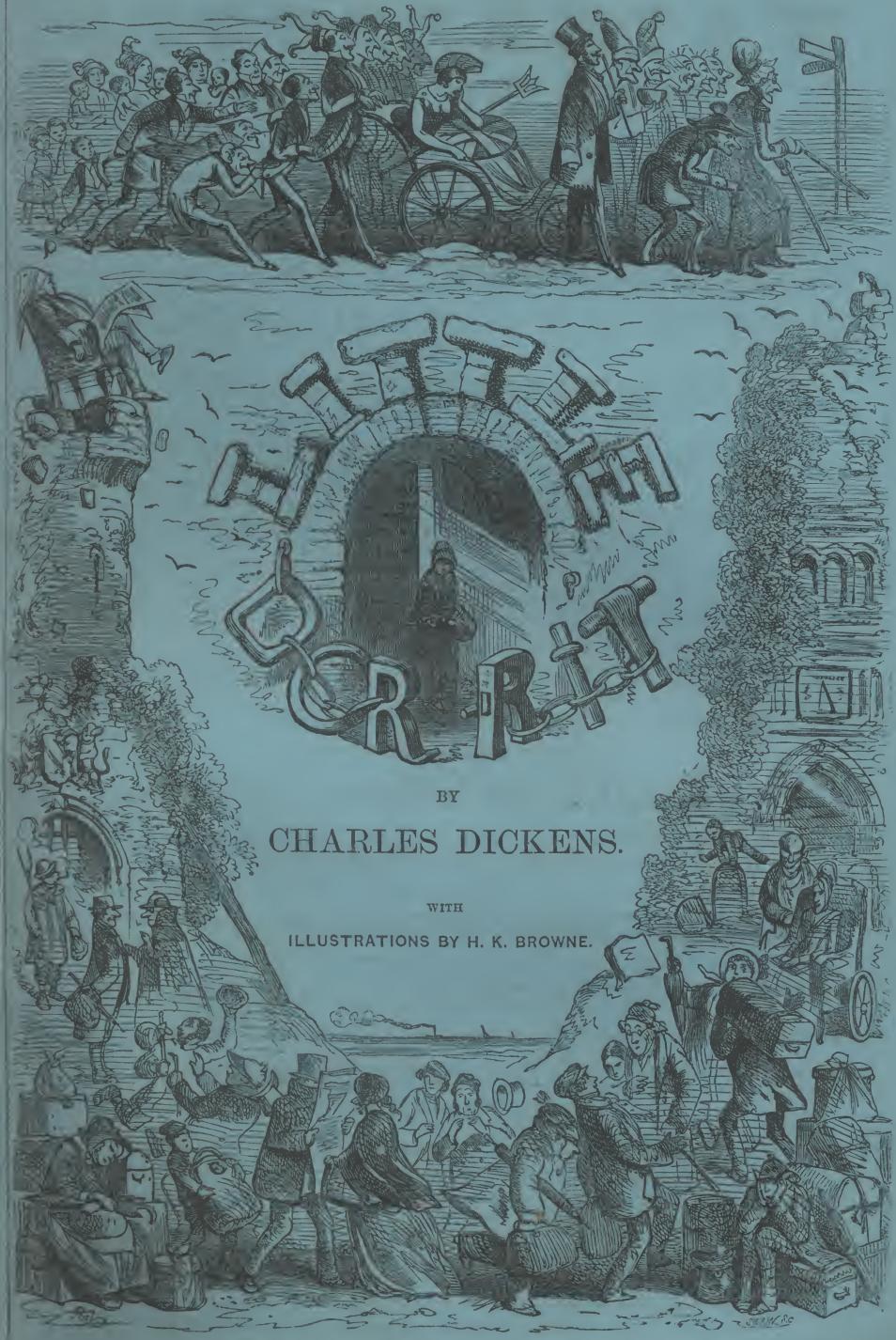


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From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep  
each way as required    •    •    •    •

From one Temple to the other, across the rise  
or Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows

As dotted  
1 to 1.

As dotted  
2 to 2.

As marked  
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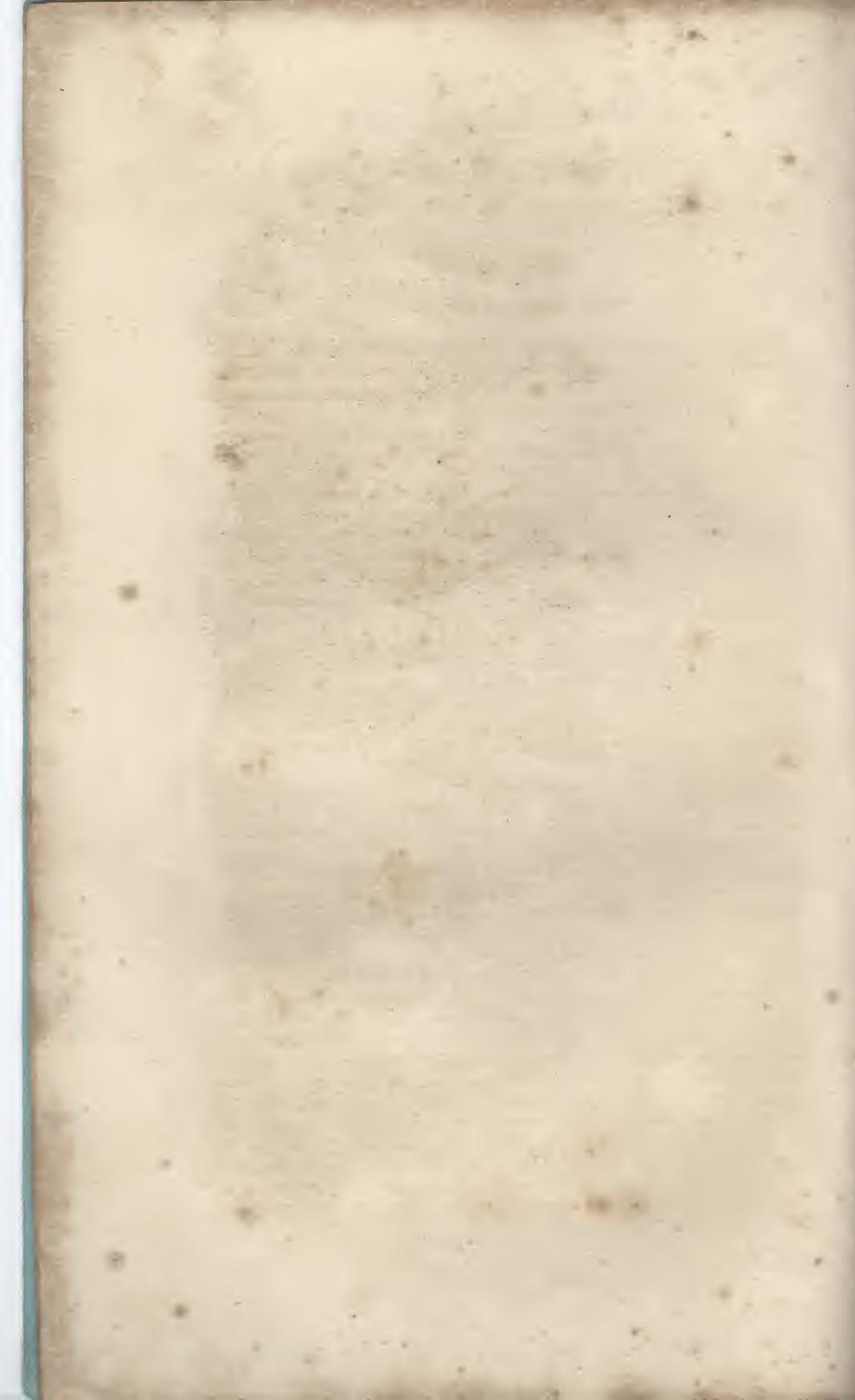
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*Lady expresses its views on a question of Marriage.*



The Marshallas become an Arkane



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## MRS. MERDLE'S COMPLAINT.

RESIGNING herself to inevitable fate, by making the best of those people the Miggleses, and submitting her philosophy to the draught upon it, of which she had foreseen the likelihood in her interview with Arthur, Mrs. Gowan handsomely resolved not to oppose her son's marriage. In her progress to, and happy arrival at, this resolution, she was possibly influenced, not only by her maternal affections, but by three politic considerations.

Of these, the first may have been, that her son had never signified the smallest intention to ask her consent, or any mistrust of his ability to dispense with it; the second, that the pension bestowed upon her by a grateful country (and a Barnacle) would be freed from any little filial inroads, when her Henry should be married to the darling only child of a man in very easy circumstances; the third, that Henry's debts must clearly be paid down upon the altar-railing by his father-in-law. When, to these threefold points of prudence, there is added the fact that Mrs. Gowan yielded her consent the moment she knew of Mr. Meagles having yielded his, and that Mr. Meagles's objection to the marriage had been the sole obstacle in its way all along, it becomes the height of probability that the relict of the deceased Commissioner of nothing particular, turned these ideas in her sagacious mind.

Among her connexions and acquaintances, however, she maintained her individual dignity, and the dignity of the blood of the Barnacles, by diligently nursing the pretence that it was a most unfortunate business; that she was sadly cut up by it; that this was a perfect fascination, under which Henry labored; that she had opposed it for a long time, but what could a mother do; and the like. She had already called Arthur Clennam to bear witness to this fable, as a friend of the Meagles family; and she followed up the move by now impounding the family itself for the same purpose. In the first interview she accorded to Mr. Meagles, she滑ed herself into the position of disconsolately but gracefully yielding to irresistible pressure. With the utmost politeness and good-breeding, she feigned that it was she—not he—who had made the difficulty, and who at length gave way; and that the sacrifice was hers—not his. The same feint, with the same polite dexterity, she foisted on Mrs. Meagles, as a conjurer might have forced a card on that innocent lady; and, when her future daughter-in-law was presented to her by her son, she said, on embracing her, “My dear, what have you done to Henry that has bewitched him so!” at the same time allowing a few tears to carry before them, in little pills, the cosmetic powder on her nose; as a delicate but touching signal that she suffered much

inwardly, for the show of composure with which she bore her misfortune.

Among the friends of Mrs. Gowan (who piqued herself at once on being Society, and on maintaining intimate and easy relations with that Power), Mrs. Merdle occupied a front row. True, the Hampton Court Bohemians, without exception, turned up their noses at Merdle as an upstart; but they turned them down again, by falling flat on their faces to worship his wealth. In which compensating adjustment of their noses, they were pretty much like Treasury, Bar, and Bishop, and all the rest of them.

To Mrs. Merdle, Mrs. Gowan repaired on a visit of self-condolence, after having given the gracious consent aforesaid. She drove into town for the purpose, in a one-horse carriage, irreverently called at that period of English history, a pill-box. It belonged to a job-master in a small way, who drove it himself, and who jobbed it by the day, or hour, to most of the old ladies, in Hampton Court Palace; but it was a point of ceremony, in that encampment, that the whole equipage should be tacitly regarded as the private property of the jobber for the time being, and that the job-master should betray personal knowledge of nobody but the jobber in possession. So, the Circumlocution Barnacles, who were the largest job-masters in the universe, always pretended to know of no other job but the job immediately in hand.

Mrs. Merdle was at home, and was in her nest of crimson and gold, with the parrot on a neighbouring stem watching her with his head on one side, as if he took her for another splendid parrot of a larger species. To whom entered Mrs. Gowan, with her favourite green fan, which softened the light on the spots of bloom.

"My dear soul," said Mrs. Gowan, tapping the back of her friend's hand with this fan, after a little indifferent conversation, "you are my only comfort. That affair of Henry's that I told you of, is to take place. Now, how does it strike you? I am dying to know, because you represent and express Society so well."

Mrs. Merdle reviewed the bosom which Society was accustomed to review; and having ascertained that show-window of Mr. Merdle's and the London jewellers to be in good order, replied:

"As to marriage on the part of a man, my dear, Society requires that he should retrieve his fortunes by marriage. Society requires that he should gain by marriage. Society requires that he should found a handsome establishment by marriage. Society does not see, otherwise, what he has to do with marriage. Bird, be quiet!"

For, the parrot on his cage above them, presiding over the conference as if he were a Judge (and indeed he looked rather like one), had wound up the exposition with a shriek.

"Cases there are," said Mrs. Merdle, delicately crooking the little finger of her favourite hand, and making her remarks neater by that neat action; "cases there are where a man is not young or elegant, and is rich, and has a handsome establishment already. Those are of a different kind. In such cases——"

Mrs. Merdle shrugged her snowy shoulders and put her hand upon the jewel-stand, checking a little cough, as though to add, "why a

man looks out for this sort of thing, my dear." Then the parrot shrieked again, and she put up her glass to look at him, and said, "Bird! Do be quiet!"

"But, young men," resumed Mrs. Merdle, "and by young men you know what I mean, my love—I mean people's sons who have the world before them—they must place themselves in a better position towards Society by marriage, or Society really will not have any patience with their making fools of themselves. Dreadfully worldly all this sounds," said Mrs. Merdle, leaning back in her nest and putting up her glass again, "does it not?"

"But it is true," said Mrs. Gowan, with a highly moral air.

"My dear, it is not to be disputed for a moment," returned Mrs. Merdle; "because Society has made up its mind on the subject, and there is nothing more to be said. If we were in a more primitive state, if we lived under roofs of leaves, and kept cows and sheep and creatures, instead of banker's accounts (which would be delicious; my dear, I am pastoral to a degree, by nature), well and good. But we don't live under leaves, and keep cows and sheep and creatures. I perfectly exhaust myself sometimes, in pointing out the distinction to Edmund Sparkler."

Mrs. Gowan, looking over her green fan when this young gentleman's name was mentioned, replied as follows :

"My love, you know the wretched state of the country—those unfortunate concessions of John Barnacle's!—and you therefore know the reasons for my being as poor as Thingummy."

"A Church-mouse?" Mrs. Merdle suggested with a smile.

"I was thinking of the other proverbial Church person—Job," said Mrs. Gowan. "Either will do. It would be idle to disguise, consequently, that there is a wide difference between the position of your son and mine. I may add, too, that Henry has talent——"

"Which Edmund certainly has not," said Mrs. Merdle, with the greatest suavity.

— "and that his talent, combined with disappointment," Mrs. Gowan went on, "has led him into a pursuit which—ah dear me! You know, my dear. Such being Henry's different position, the question is what is the most inferior class of marriage to which I can reconcile myself."

Mrs. Merdle was so much engaged with the contemplation of her arms (beautiful formed arms, and the very thing for bracelets), that she omitted to reply for a while. Roused at length by the silence, she folded the arms, and with admirable presence of mind looked her friend full in the face, and said interrogatively "Ye-es? And then?"

"And then, my dear," said Mrs. Gowan not quite so sweetly as before, "I should be glad to hear what you have to say to it."

Here the parrot, who had been standing on one leg since he screamed last, burst into a fit of laughter, bobbed himself derisively up and down on both legs, and finished by standing on one leg again, and pausing for a reply, with his head as much awry as he could possibly twist it.

"Sounds mercenary, to ask what the gentleman is to get with the

lady," said Mrs. Merdle; "but Society *is* perhaps a little mercenary you know, my dear."

"From what I can make out," said Mrs. Gowan, "I believe I may say that Henry will be relieved from debt——"

"Much in debt?" asked Mrs. Merdle through her eye-glass.

"Why tolerably, I should think," said Mrs. Gowan.

"Meaning the usual thing; I understand; just so," Mrs. Merdle observed in a comfortable sort of way.

"And that the father will make them an allowance of three hundred a-year, or perhaps altogether something more. Which, in Italy——"

"Oh! Going to Italy?" said Mrs. Merdle.

"For Henry to study. You need be at no loss to guess why, my dear. That dreadful Art——"

True. Mrs. Merdle hastened to spare the feelings of her afflicted friend. She understood. Say no more!

"And that," said Mrs. Gowan, shaking her despondent head, "that's all. That," repeated Mrs. Gowan, furling her green fan for the moment and tapping her chin with it (it was on the way to being a double chin; might be called a chin and a half at present), "that's all! On the death of the old people, I suppose there will be more to come; but how it may be restricted or locked up, I don't know. And as to that, they may live for ever. My dear, they are just the kind of people to do it."

Now, Mrs. Merdle, who really knew her friend Society pretty well, and who knew what Society's mothers were, and what Society's daughters were, and what Society's matrimonial market was, and how prices ruled in it, and what scheming and counter-scheming took place for the high buyers, and what bargaining and huckstering went on, thought in the depths of her capacious bosom that this was a sufficiently good catch. Knowing, however, what was expected of her, and perceiving the exact nature of the fiction to be nursed, she took it delicately in her arms, and put her required contribution of gloss upon it.

"And that is all, my dear?" said she, heaving a friendly sigh. "Well, well! The fault is not yours. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. You must exercise the strength of mind for which you are renowned, and make the best of it."

"The girl's family have made," said Mrs. Gowan, "of course, the most strenuous endeavours to—as the lawyers say—to have and to hold Henry."

"Of course they have, my dear," said Mrs. Merdle.

"I have persisted in every possible objection, and have worried myself morning, noon, and night, for means to detach Henry from the connexion."

"No doubt you have, my dear," said Mrs. Merdle.

"And all of no use. All has broken down beneath me. Now tell me, my love. Am I justified in at last yielding my most reluctant consent to Henry's marrying among people not in Society; or, have I acted with inexcusable weakness?"

In answer to this direct appeal, Mrs. Merdle assured Mrs. Gowan (speaking as a Priestess of Society) that she was highly to be com-

mended, that she was much to be sympathised with, that she had taken the highest of parts, and had come out of the furnace refined. And Mrs. Gowan, who of course saw through her own threadbare blind perfectly, and who knew that Mrs. Merdle saw through it perfectly, and who knew that Society would see through it perfectly, came out of this form, notwithstanding, as she had gone into it, with immense complacency and gravity.

The conference was held at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when all the region of Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was resonant of carriage-wheels and double-knocks. It had reached this point when Mr. Merdle came home, from his daily occupation of causing the British name to be more and more respected in all parts of the civilised globe, capable of the appreciation of world-wide commercial enterprise and gigantic combinations of skill and capital. For, though nobody knew with the least precision what Mr. Merdle's business was, except that it was to coin money, these were the terms in which everybody defined it on all ceremonious occasions, and which it was the last new polite reading of the parable of the camel and the needle's eye to accept without enquiry.

For a gentleman who had this splendid work cut out for him, Mr. Merdle looked a little common, and rather as if, in the course of his vast transactions, he had accidentally made an interchange of heads with some inferior spirit. He presented himself before the two ladies, in the course of a dismal stroll through his mansion, which had no apparent object but escape from the presence of the chief butler.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stopping short in confusion; "I didn't know there was anybody here but the parrot."

However, as Mrs. Merdle said "You can come in!" and as Mrs. Gowan said she was just going, and had already risen to take her leave, he came in, and stood looking out at a distant window, with his hands crossed under his uneasy coat-cuffs, clasping his wrists as if he were taking himself into custody. In this attitude he fell directly into a reverie, from which he was only aroused by his wife's calling to him from her ottoman, when they had been for some quarter-of-an-hour alone.

"Eh? Yes?" said Mr. Merdle, turning towards her. "What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Mrs. Merdle. "It is, I suppose, that you have not heard a word of my complaint."

"Your complaint, Mrs. Merdle?" said Mr. Merdle. "I didn't know that you were suffering from a complaint. What complaint?"

"A complaint of you," said Mrs. Merdle.

"Oh! A complaint of me," said Mr. Merdle. "What is the —what have I—what may you have to complain of in me, Mrs. Merdle?"

In his withdrawing, abstracted, pondering way, it took him some time to shape this question. As a kind of faint attempt to convince himself that he was the master of the house, he concluded by presenting his forefinger to the parrot, who expressed his opinion on that subject by instantly driving his bill into it.

"You were saying, Mrs. Merdle," said Mr. Merdle, with his

wounded finger in his mouth, "that you had a complaint against me?"

"A complaint which I could scarcely show the justice of more emphatically, than by having to repeat it," said Mrs. Merdle. "I might as well have stated it to the wall. I had far better have stated it to the bird. He would at least have screamed."

"You don't want me to scream, Mrs. Merdle, I suppose," said Mr. Merdle, taking a chair.

"Indeed I don't know," retorted Mrs. Merdle, "but that you had better do that, than be so moody and distraught. One would at least know that you were sensible of what was going on around you."

"A man might scream, and yet not be that, Mrs. Merdle," said Mr. Merdle, heavily.

"And might be dogged, as you are at present, without screaming," returned Mrs. Merdle. "That's very true. If you wish to know the complaint I make against you, it is, in so many plain words, that you really ought not to go into Society, unless you can accommodate yourself to Society."

Mr. Merdle, so twisting his hands into what hair he had upon his head that he seemed to lift himself up by it as he started out of his chair, cried:

"Why, in the name of all the infernal powers, Mrs. Merdle, who does more for Society than I do? Do you see these premises, Mrs. Merdle? Do you see this furniture, Mrs. Merdle? Do you look in the glass and see yourself, Mrs. Merdle? Do you know the cost of all this, and who it's all provided for? And yet will you tell me that I oughtn't to go into Society? I, who shower money upon it in this way? I, who might be almost said—to—to—to harness myself to a watering-cart full of money, and go about, saturating Society, every day of my life?"

"Pray don't be violent, Mr. Merdle," said Mrs. Merdle.

"Violent?" said Mr. Merdle. "You are enough to make me desperate. You don't know half of what I do to accommodate Society. You don't know anything of the sacrifices I make for it."

"I know," returned Mrs. Merdle, "that you receive the best in the land. I know that you move in the whole Society of the country. And I believe I know (indeed, not to make any ridiculous pretence about it, I know I know) who sustains you in it, Mr. Merdle."

"Mrs. Merdle," retorted that gentleman, wiping his dull red and yellow face. "I know that, as well as you do. If you were not an ornament to Society, and if I was not a benefactor to Society, you and I would never have come together. When I say a benefactor to it, I mean a person who provides it with all sorts of expensive things to eat and drink and look at. But, to tell me that I am not fit for it after all I have done for it—after all I have done for it," repeated Mr. Merdle, with a wild emphasis that made his wife lift up her eyelids, "after all—all!—to tell me I have no right to mix with it after all, is a pretty reward."

"I say," answered Mrs. Merdle composedly, "that you ought to make yourself fit for it by being more *degagé*, and less pre-occupied.

There is a positive vulgarity in carrying your business affairs about with you as you do."

"How do I carry them about, Mrs. Merdle?" asked Mr. Merdle.

"How do you carry them about?" said Mrs. Merdle. "Look at yourself in the glass."

Mr. Merdle involuntarily turned his eyes in the direction of the nearest mirror, and asked, with a slow determination of his turbid blood to his temples, whether a man was to be called to account for his digestion?

"You have a physician," said Mrs. Merdle.

"He does me no good," said Mr. Merdle.

Mrs. Merdle changed her ground.

"Besides," said she, "your digestion is nonsense. I don't speak of your digestion. I speak of your manner."

"Mrs. Merdle," returned her husband, "I look to you for that. You supply manner, and I supply money."

"I don't expect you," said Mrs. Merdle, reposing easily among her cushions, "to captivate people. I don't want you to take any trouble upon yourself, or to try to be fascinating. I simply request you to care about nothing—or to seem to care about nothing—as everybody else does.

"Do I ever say I care about anything?" asked Mr. Merdle.

"Say? No! Nobody would attend to you if you did. But you show it."

"Show what? What do I show?" demanded Mr. Merdle hurriedly.

"I have already told you. You show that you carry your business cares and projects about, instead of leaving them in the City, or wherever else they belong to," said Mrs. Merdle. "Or seeming to. Seeming would be quite enough: I ask no more. Whereas you couldn't be more occupied with your day's calculations and combinations than you habitually show yourself to be, if you were a carpenter.

"A carpenter!" repeated Mr. Merdle, checking something like a groan. "I shouldn't so much mind being a carpenter, Mrs. Merdle."

"And my complaint is," pursued the lady, disregarding the low remark, "that it is not the tone of Society, and that you ought to correct it, Mr. Merdle. If you have any doubt of my judgment, ask even Edmund Sparkler." The door of the room had opened, and Mrs. Merdle now surveyed the head of her son through her glass. "Edmund; we want you here."

Mr. Sparkler, who had merely put in his head and looked round the room without entering (as if he were searching the house for that young lady with no nonsense about her), upon this followed up his head with his body, and stood before them. To whom, in a few easy words adapted to his capacity, Mrs. Merdle stated the question at issue.

The young gentleman, after anxiously feeling his shirt-collar as if it were his pulse and he were hypochondriacal, observed "That he had heard it noticed by fellers."

"Edmund Sparkler has heard it noticed," said Mrs. Merdle, with languid triumph. "Why, no doubt everybody has heard it noticed!" Which in truth was no unreasonable inference; seeing that Mr. Sparkler would probably be the last person, in any assemblage of the

human species, to receive an impression from anything that passed in his presence.

"And Edmund Sparkler will tell you, I dare say," said Mrs. Merdle, waving her favorite hand towards her husband, "how he has heard it noticed."

"I couldn't," said Mr. Sparkler, after feeling his pulse as before, "couldn't undertake to say what led to it—'cause memory desperate loose. But being in company with the brother of a doosed fine gal—well educated too—with no biggodd nonsense about her—at the period alluded to—"

"There! Never mind the sister," remarked Mrs. Merdle, a little impatiently. "What did the brother say?"

"Didn't say a word, ma'am," answered Mr. Sparkler. "As silent a feller as myself. Equally hard up for a remark."

"Somebody said something," returned Mrs. Merdle. "Never mind who it was."

("Assure you I don't in the least," said Mr. Sparkler.)

"But tell us what it was."

Mr. Sparkler referred to his pulse again, and put himself through some severe mental discipline before he replied :

"Fellers referring to my Governor—expression not my own—occasionally compliment my Governor in a very handsome way on being immensely rich and knowing—perfect phenomenon of Buyer and Banker and that—but say the Shop sits heavy on him. Say he carries the Shop about, on his back rather—like Jew clothesman with too much business."

"Which," said Mrs. Merdle, rising, with her floating drapery about her, "is exactly my complaint. Edmund, give me your arm upstairs."

Mr. Merdle, left alone to meditate on a better conformation of himself to Society, looked out of nine windows in succession, and appeared to see nine wastes of space. When he had thus entertained himself, he went down-stairs, and looked intently at all the carpets on the ground-floor; and then came up-stairs again, and looked intently at all the carpets on the first floor; as if they were gloomy depths, in unison with his oppressed soul. Through all the rooms he wandered, as he always did, like the last person on earth who had any business to approach them. Let Mrs. Merdle announce, with all her might, that she was At Home ever so many nights in a season, she could not announce more widely and unmistakeably than Mr. Merdle did that he was never at home.

At last he met the chief butler, the sight of which splendid retainer always finished him. Extinguished by this great creature, he sneaked to his dressing-room, and there remained shut up until he rode out to dinner, with Mrs. Merdle, in her own handsome chariot. At dinner, he was envied and flattered as a being of might, was Treasuried, Barred, and Bishoped, as much as he would; and an hour after midnight came home alone, and being instantly put out again in his own hall, like a rushlight, by the chief butler, went sighing to bed.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## A SHOAL OF BARNACLES.

MR. HENRY GOWAN and the dog were established frequenters of the cottage, and the day was fixed for the wedding. There was to be a convocation of Barnacles on the occasion; in order that that very high and very large family might shed as much lustre on the marriage, as so dim an event was capable of receiving.

To have got the whole Barnacle family together, would have been impossible for two reasons. Firstly, because no building could have held all the members and connexions of that illustrious house. Secondly, because wherever there was a square yard of ground in British occupation, under the sun or moon, with a public post upon it, sticking to that post was a Barnacle. No intrepid navigator could plant a flag-staff upon any spot of earth, and take possession of it in the British name, but to that spot of earth, so soon as the discovery was known, the Circumlocution Office sent out a Barnacle and a dispatch-box. Thus the Barnacles were all over the world, in every direction—dispatch-boxing the compass.

But, while the so-potent art of Prospero himself would have failed in summoning the Barnacles from every speck of ocean and dry land on which there was nothing (except mischief) to be done, and anything to be pocketed, it was perfectly feasible to assemble a good many Barnacles. This, Mrs. Gowan applied herself to do; calling on Mr. Meagles frequently, with new additions to the list, and holding conferences with that gentleman when he was not engaged (as he generally was at this period) in examining and paying the debts of his future son-in-law, in the apartment of the scales and scoop.

One marriage guest there was, in reference to whose presence Mr. Meagles felt a nearer interest and concern than in the attendance of the most elevated Barnacle expected: though he was far from insensible of the honor of having such company. This guest was Clennam. But, Clennam had made a promise he held sacred, among the trees that summer night, and, in the chivalry of his heart, regarded it as binding him to many implied obligations. In forgetfulness of himself, and delicate service to her on all occasions, he was never to fail; to begin it, he answered Mr. Meagles cheerfully, “I shall come, of course.”

His partner, Daniel Doyee, was something of a stumbling-block in Mr. Meagles’s way, the worthy gentleman being not at all clear in his own anxious mind but that the mingling of Daniel with official Barnacleism might produce some explosive combination, even at a marriage breakfast. The national offender, however, lightened him of his uneasiness by coming down to Twickenham to represent that he begged, with the freedom of an old friend, and as a favour to one,

that he might not be invited. "For," said he, "as my business with this set of gentlemen was to do a public duty and a public service, and as their business with me was to prevent it by wearing my soul out, I think we had better not eat and drink together with a show of being of one mind." Mr. Meagles was much amused by his friend's oddity; and patronised him with a more protecting air of allowance than usual, when he rejoined: "Well, well, Dan, you shall have your own crotchety way."

To Mr. Henry Gowan, as the time approached, Clennam tried to convey by all quiet and unpretending means, that he was frankly and disinterestedly desirous of tendering him any friendship he would accept. Mr. Gowan treated him in return with his usual ease, and with his usual show of confidence, which was no confidence at all.

"You see, Clennam," he happened to remark in the course of conversation one day, when they were walking near the Cottage within a week of the marriage. "I am a disappointed man. That, you know already."

"Upon my word," said Clennam, a little embarrassed, "I scarcely know how."

"Why," returned Gowan. "I belong to a clan, or a clique, or a family, or a connexion, or whatever you like to call it, that might have provided for me in any one of fifty ways, and that took it into its head not to do it at all. So here I am, a poor devil of an artist."

Clennam was beginning, "But on the other hand—" when Gowan took him up.

"Yes, yes, I know. I have the good fortune of being beloved by a beautiful and charming girl whom I love with all my heart."

("Is there much of it?" Clennam thought. And as he thought it, felt ashamed of himself.)

"And of finding a father-in-law who is a capital fellow and a liberal good old boy. Still, I had other prospects washed and combed into my childish head when it was washed and combed for me, and I took them to a public school when I washed and combed it for myself, and I am here without them, and thus I am a disappointed man."

Clennam thought (and as he thought it, again felt ashamed of himself), was this notion of being disappointed in life, an assertion of station which the bridegroom brought into the family as his property, having already carried it detrimentally into his pursuit? And was it a hopeful or a promising thing anywhere?

"Not bitterly disappointed, I think," he said aloud.

"Hang it, no; not bitterly," laughed Gowan. "My people are not worth that—though they are charming fellows, and I have the greatest affection for them. Besides, it's pleasant to show them that I can do without them, and that they may all go to the Devil. And besides again, most men are disappointed in life, somehow or other, and influenced by their disappointment. But it's a dear good world, and I love it!"

"It lies fair before you now," said Arthur.

"Fair as this summer river," cried the other, with enthusiasm,

"and by Jove I glow with admiration of it, and with ardour to run a race in it. It's the best of old worlds! And my calling! The best of old callings, isn't it?"

"Full of interest and ambition, I conceive," said Clennam.

"And imposition," added Gowan, laughing; "we won't leave out the imposition. I hope I may not break down in that; but there, my being a disappointed man may show itself. I may not be able to face it out gravely enough. Between you and me, I think there is some danger of my being just enough soured not to be able to do that."

"To do what?" asked Clennam.

"To keep it up. To help myself in my turn, as the man before me helps himself in his, and pass the bottle of smoke. To keep up the pretence as to labor, and study, and patience, and being devoted to my art, and giving up many solitary days to it, and abandoning many pleasures for it, and living in it, and all the rest of it—in short to pass the bottle of smoke, according to rule."

"But it is well for a man to respect his own vocation, whatever it is; and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves; is it not?" Arthur reasoned. "And your vocation, Gowan, may really demand this suit and service. I confess I should have thought that all Art did."

"What a good fellow you are, Clennam!" exclaimed the other, stopping to look at him, as if with irrepressible admiration. "What a capital fellow! *You* have never been disappointed. That's easy to see."

It would have been so cruel if he had meant it, that Clennam firmly resolved to believe he did not mean it. Gowan, without pausing, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and laughingly and lightly went on:

"Clennam, I don't like to dispel your generous visions, and I would give any money (if I had any) to live in such a rose-colored mist. But what I do in my trade, I do to sell. What all we fellows do, we do to sell. If we didn't want to sell it, for the most we can get for it, we shouldn't do it. Being work, it has to be done; but it's easily enough done. All the rest is hocus-pocus. Now here's one of the advantages, or disadvantages, of knowing a disappointed man. You hear the truth."

Whatever he had heard, and whether it deserved that name or another, it sank into Clennam's mind. It so took root there, that he began to fear Henry Gowan would always be a trouble to him, and that so far he had gained little or nothing from the dismissal of Nobody, with all his inconsistencies, anxieties, and contradictions. He found a contest still always going on in his breast, between his promise to keep Gowan in none but good aspects before the mind of Mr. Meagles, and his enforced observation of Gowan in aspects that had no good in them. Nor could he quite support his own conscientious nature against misgivings that he distorted and discoloured him, by reminding himself that he never sought these discoveries, and that he would have avoided them with willingness and great relief. For, he never could forget what had been; and he knew that he had once

disliked Gowan, for no better reason than that he had come in his way.

Harassed by these thoughts, he now began to wish the marriage over, Gowan and his young wife gone, and himself left to fulfil his promise, and discharge the generous function he had accepted. This last week was, in truth, an uneasy interval for the whole house. Before Pet, or before Gowan, Mr. Meagles was radiant; but, Clennam had more than once found him alone, with his view of the scales and scoop much blurred, and had often seen him look after the lovers, in the garden or elsewhere when he was not seen by them, with the old clouded face on which Gowan had fallen like a shadow. In the arrangement of the house for the great occasion, many little reminders of the old travels of the father and mother and daughter had to be disturbed, and passed from hand to hand; and sometimes, in the midst of these mute witnesses to the life they had had together, even Pet herself would yield to lamenting and weeping. Mrs. Meagles, the blithest and busiest of mothers, went about singing and cheering everybody; but she, honest soul, had her flights into store-rooms, where she would cry until her eyes were red, and would then come out, attributing that appearance to pickled onions and pepper, and singing clearer than ever. Mrs. Tickit, finding no balsam for a wounded mind in Buchan's Domestic Medicine, suffered greatly from low spirits, and from moving recollections of Minnie's infancy. When the latter were powerful with her, she usually sent up secret messages importing that she was not in parlor condition as to her attire, and that she solicited a sight of "her child" in the kitchen; there, she would bless her child's face, and bless her child's heart, and hug her child, in a medley of tears and congratulations, chopping-boards, rolling-pins, and pie-crust, with the tenderness of an attached old servant, which is a very pretty tenderness indeed.

But, all days come that are to be; and the marriage-day was to be, and it came; and with it came all the Barnacles who were bidden to the feast.

There was Mr. Tite Barnacle, from the Circumlocution Office and Mews Street, Grosvenor Square, with the expensive Mrs. Tite Barnacle *née* Stiltstalking, who made the Quarter Days so long in coming, and the three expensive Miss Tite Barnacles, double-loaded with accomplishments and ready to go off, and yet not going off with the sharpness of flash and bang that might have been expected, but rather hanging fire. There was Barnacle Junior, also from the Circumlocution Office, leaving the Tonnage of the country, which he was somehow supposed to take under his protection, to look after itself, and, sooth to say, not at all impairing the efficiency of his protection by leaving it alone. There was the engaging Young Barnacle, deriving from the sprightly side of the family, also from the Circumlocution Office, gaily and agreeably helping the occasion along, and treating it, in his sparkling way, as one of the official forms and fees of the Church Department of How not to do it. There were three other Young Barnacles, from three other offices, insipid to all the senses, and terribly in want of seasoning, doing the marriage as they would have "done" the Nile, old Rome, the new singer, or Jerusalem.

But, there was greater game than this. There was Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle himself, in the odor of Circumlocution—with the very smell of Dispatch-Boxes upon him. Yes, there was Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle, who had risen to official heights on the wings of one indignant idea, and that was, My Lords, that I am yet to be told that it behoves a Minister of this free country to set bounds to the philanthropy, to cramp the charity, to fetter the public spirit, to contract the enterprise, to damp the independent self-reliance, of its people. That was, in other words, that this great statesman was always yet to be told that it behoved the Pilot of the ship to do anything but prosper in the private loaf and fish trade ashore, the crew being able, by dint of hard pumping, to keep the ship above water without him. On this sublime discovery, in the great art How not to do it, Lord Decimus had long sustained the highest glory of the Barnacle family; and let any ill-advised member of either House but try How to do it, by bringing in a Bill to do it, that Bill was as good as dead and buried when Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle rose up in his place, and solemnly said, soaring into indignant majesty as the Circumlocution cheering soared around him, that he was yet to be told, My Lords, that it behoved him as the Minister of this free country, to set bounds to the philanthropy, to cramp the charity, to fetter the public spirit, to contract the enterprise, to damp the independent self-reliance, of its people. The discovery of this Behoving Machine was the discovery of the political perpetual motion. It never wore out, though it was always going round and round in all the State Departments.

And there, with his noble friend and relative Lord Decimus, was William Barnacle, who had made the ever-famous coalition with Tudor Stiltstalking, and who always kept ready his own particular recipe for How not to do it; sometimes tapping the Speaker, and drawing it fresh out of him, with a "First, I will beg you, sir, to inform the House what Precedent we have for the course into which the honorable gentleman would precipitate us;" sometimes asking the honorable gentleman to favor him with his own version of the Precedent; sometimes telling the honorable gentleman that he (William Barnacle) would search for a Precedent; and oftentimes crushing the honorable gentleman flat on the spot, by telling him there was no Precedent. But, Precedent and Precipitate were, under all circumstances, the well-matched pair of battle-horses of this able Circumlocutionist. No matter that the unhappy honorable gentleman had been trying in vain, for twenty-five years, to precipitate William Barnacle into this—William Barnacle still put it to the House, and (at second-hand or so) to the country, whether he was to be precipitated into this. No matter that it was utterly irreconcileable with the nature of things and course of events, that the wretched honorable gentleman could possibly produce a Precedent for this—William Barnacle would nevertheless thank the honorable gentleman for that ironical cheer, and would close with him upon that issue, and would tell him to his teeth that there was no Precedent for this. It might perhaps have been objected that the William Barnacle wisdom was not high wisdom, or the earth it bamboozled would never have been made, or, if made in a rash

mistake, would have remained blank mad. But, Precedent and Precipitate together frightened all objection out of most people.

And there, too, was another Barnacle, a lively one, who had leaped through twenty places in quick succession, and was always in two or three at once, and who was the much respected inventor of an art which he practised with great success and admiration in all Barnacle Governments. This was, when he was asked a Parliamentary question on any one topic, to return an answer on any other. It had done immense service, and brought him into high esteem with the Circumlocution Office.

And there too was a sprinkling of less distinguished Parliamentary Barnacles, who had not as yet got anything snug, and were going through their probation to prove their worthiness. These Barnacles perched upon staireases and hid in passages, waiting their orders to make houses or not to make houses; and they did all their hearing, and ohing, and cheering, and barking, under directions from the heads of the family; and they put dummy motions on the paper in the way of other men's motions, and they stalled disagreeable subjects off until late in the night and late in the session, and then with virtuous patriotism cried out that it was too late; and they went down into the country, whenever they were sent, and swore that Lord Decimus had revived trade from a swoon and commerce from a fit, and had doubled the harvest of corn, quadrupled the harvest of hay, and prevented no end of gold from flying out of the Bank. Also these Barnacles were dealt, by the heads of the family, like so many cards below the court cards, to public meetings and dinners; where they bore testimony to all sorts of services on the part of their noble and honorable relatives, and buttered the Barnacles on all sorts of toasts. And they stood, under similar orders, at all sorts of elections; and they turned out of their own seats, on the shortest notice and the most unreasonable terms, to let in other men; and they fetched and carried, and toadied and jobbed, and corrupted, and ate heaps of dirt, and were indefatigable in the public service. And there was not a list, in all the Circumlocution Office, of places that might fall vacant anywhere within half a century, from a lord of the Treasury to a Chinese consul, and up again to a governor-general of India, but, as applicants for such places, the names of some or of every one of these hungry and adhesive Barnacles were down.

It was necessarily but a sprinkling of any class of Barnacles that attended the marriage, for there were not two score in all, and what is that subtracted from Legion! But, the sprinkling was a swarm in the Twickenham cottage, and filled it. A Barnacle (assisted by a Barnacle) married the happy pair, and it behoved Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle himself to conduct Mrs. Meagles to breakfast.

The entertainment was not as agreeable and natural as it might have been. Mr. Meagles, hove down by his good company while he highly appreciated it, was not himself. Mrs. Gowan was herself, and that did not improve him. The fiction that it was not Mr. Meagles who had stood in the way, but that it was the Family greatness, and that the Family greatness had made a concession, and there was now a soothing unanimity, pervaded the affair, though it

was never openly expressed. Then the Barnacles felt that they for their parts would have done with the Meagleses, when the present patronising occasion was over; and the Meagleses felt the same for their parts. Then Gowan, asserting his rights as a disappointed man who had his grudge against the family, and who perhaps had allowed his mother to have them there, as much in the hope that it might give them some annoyance as with any other benevolent object, aired his pencil and his poverty ostentatiously before them, and told them he hoped in time to settle a crust of bread and cheese on his wife, and that he begged such of them as (more fortunate than himself) came in for any good thing, and could buy a picture, to please to remember the poor painter. Then Lord Decimus, who was a wonder on his own Parliamentary pedestal, turned out to be the windiest creature here: proposing happiness to the bride and bridegroom in a series of platitudes, that would have made the hair of any sincere disciple and believer stand on end: and trotting, with the complacency of an idiotic elephant, among howling labyrinths of sentences which he seemed to take for high roads, and never so much as wanted to get out of. Then Mr. Tite Barnacle could not but feel that there was a person in company, who would have disturbed his life-long sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence in full official character, if such disturbance had been possible: while Barnacle Junior did, with indignation, communicate to two vapid young gentlemen his relatives, that there was a feller here, look here, who had come to our Department without an appointment and said he wanted to know, you know; and that, look here, if he was to break out now, as he might you know (for you never could tell what an ungentlemanly Radical of that sort would be up to next), and was to say, look here, that he wanted to know this moment, you know, that would be Jolly; wouldn't it?

The pleasantest part of the occasion, by far, to Clennam, was the painfullest. When Mr. and Mrs. Meagles at last hung about Pet, in the room with the two pictures (where the company were not), before going with her to the threshold which she could never re-cross to be the old Pet and the old delight, nothing could be more natural and simple than the three were. Gowan himself was touched, and answered Mr. Meagles's "O, Gowan, take care of her, take care of her!" with an earnest "Don't be so broken-hearted, sir. By Heaven I will!"

And so, with last sobs and last loving words, and a last look to Clennam of confidence in his promise, Pet fell back in the carriage, and her husband waved his hand, and they were away for Dover. Though not until the faithful Mrs. Tickit, in her silk gown and jet black curls, had rushed out from some hiding-place, and thrown both her shoes after the carriage; an apparition which occasioned great surprise to the distinguished company at the windows.

The said company being now relieved from further attendance, and the chief Barnacles being rather hurried (for they had it in hand just then to send a mail or two, which was in danger of going straight to its destination, beating about the seas like the Flying Dutchman, and to arrange with complexity for the stoppage of a good deal of important business otherwise in peril of being done), went their several ways;

with all affability conveying to Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, that general assurance that what they had been doing there, they had been doing at a sacrifice for Mr. and Mrs. Meagles's good, which they always conveyed to Mr. John Bull in their official condescension to that most unfortunate creature.

A miserable blank remained in the house, and in the hearts of the father and mother and Clennam. Mr. Meagles called only one remembrance to his aid, that really did him good.

"It's very gratifying, Arthur," he said, "after all, to look back upon."

"The past?" said Clennam.

"Yes—but I mean the company."

It had made him much more low and unhappy at the time, but now it really did him good. "It's very gratifying," he said, often repeating the remark in the course of the evening. "Such high company!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### WHAT WAS BEHIND MR. PANCKS ON LITTLE DORRIT'S HAND.

It was at this time, that Mr. Pancks, in discharge of his compact with Clennam, revealed to him the whole of his gipsey story, and told him Little Dorrit's fortune. Her father was heir-at-law to a great estate that had long lain unknown of, unclaimed, and accumulating. His right was now clear, nothing interposed in his way, the Marshalsea gates stood open, the Marshalsea walls were down, a few flourishes of his pen and he was extremely rich.

In his tracking out of the claim to its complete establishment, Mr. Pancks had shewn a sagacity that nothing could baffle, and a patience and secrecy that nothing could tire. "I little thought, sir," said Pancks, "when you and I crossed Smithfield that night, and I told you what sort of a Collector I was, that this would come of it. I little thought, sir, when I told you you were not of the Clennams of Cornwall, that I was ever going to tell you who *were* of the Dorrits of Dorsetshire." He then went on to detail, How, having that name recorded in his note-book, he was first attracted by the name alone. How, having often found two exactly similar names, even belonging to the same place, to involve no traceable consanguinity, near or distant, he did not at first give much heed to this; except in the way of speculation as to what a surprising change would be made in the condition of a little seamstress, if she could be shown to have any interest in so large a property. How he rather supposed himself to have pursued the idea into its next degree, because there was something uncommon in the quiet little seamstress, which pleased him and provoked his curiosity. How he had felt his way inch by inch, and "Moled it out, sir" (that was Mr. Pancks's expres-

sion), grain by grain. How, in the beginning of the labour described by this new verb, and to render which the more expressive Mr. Pancks shut his eyes in pronouncing it and shook his hair over them, he had alternated from sudden lights and hopes to sudden darkness and no hopes, and back again, and back again. How he had made acquaintances in the Prison, expressly that he might come and go there as all other comers and goers did; and how his first ray of light was unconsciously given him by Mr. Dorrit himself, and by his son: to both of whom he easily became known; with both of whom he talked much, casually ("but always Moleing you'll observe," said Mr. Pancks); and from whom he derived, without being at all suspected, two or three little points of family history which, as he began to hold clues of his own, suggested others. How it had at length become plain to Mr. Pancks, that he had made a real discovery of the heir-at-law to a great fortune, and that his discovery had but to be ripened to legal fulness and perfection. How he had, thereupon, sworn his landlord, Mr. Rugg, to secrecy in a solemn manner, and taken him into Moleing partnership. How they had employed John Chivery as their sole clerk and agent, seeing to whom he was devoted. And how, until the present hour, when authorities mighty in the Bank and learned in the law declared their successful labors ended, they had confided in no other human being.

"So if the whole thing had broken down, sir," concluded Pancks, "at the very last, say the day before the other day when I showed you our papers in the Prison yard, or say that very day, nobody but ourselves would have been cruelly disappointed, or a penny the worse."

Clemnham, who had been almost incessantly shaking hands with him throughout the narrative, was reminded by this to say, in an amazement which even the preparation he had had for the main disclosure scarcely smoothed down, "My dear Mr. Pancks, this must have cost you a great sum of money."

"Pretty well, sir," said the triumphant Pancks. "No trifles, though we did it as cheap as it could be done. And the outlay was a difficulty, let me tell you."

"A difficulty!" repeated Clelmann. "But the difficulties you have so wonderfully conquered in the whole business!" shaking his hand again.

"I'll tell you how I did it," said the delighted Pancks, putting his hair into a condition as elevated as himself. "First, I spent all I had of my own. That wasn't much."

"I am sorry for it," said Clelmann; "not that it matters now, though. Then, what did you do?"

"Then," answered Pancks, "I borrowed a sum of my proprietor."

"Of Mr. Casby?" said Clelmann. "He's a fine old fellow."

"Noble old boy; an't he?" said Mr. Pancks, entering on a series of the dryest of snorts. "Generous old buck. Confiding old boy. Philanthropic old buck. Benevolent old boy! Twenty per cent. I engaged to pay him, sir. But we never do business for less, at our shop."

Arthur felt an awkward consciousness of having, in his exultant condition, been a little premature.

"I said to that—boiling-over old Christian," Mr. Pancks pursued,

appearing greatly to relish this descriptive epithet, "that I had got a little project on hand; a hopeful one; I told him a hopeful one; which wanted a certain small capital. I proposed to him to lend me the money on my note. Which he did, at twenty: sticking the twenty on in a business-like way, and putting it into the note, to look like a part of the principal. If I had broken down after that, I should have been his grubber for the next seven years at half wages and double grind. But he's a perfect Patriarch; and it would do a man good to serve him on such terms—on any terms."

Arthur for his life could not have said with confidence whether Pancks really thought so or not.

"When that was gone, sir," resumed Pancks, "and it did go, though I dribbled it out like so much blood, I had taken Mr. Rugg into the secret. I proposed to borrow of Mr. Rugg (or of Miss Rugg; it's the same thing; she made a little money by a speculation in the Common Pleas once). He lent it at ten, and thought that pretty high. But Mr. Rugg's a red-haired man, sir, and gets his hair cut. And as to the crown of his hat, it's high. And as to the brim of his hat, it's narrow. And there's no more benevolence bubbling out of him, than out of a ninepin."

"Your own recompense for all this, Mr. Pancks," said Clennam, "ought to be a large one."

"I don't mistrust getting it, sir," said Pancks. "I have made no bargain. I owed you one on that score; now, I have paid it. Money out of pocket made good, time fairly allowed for, and Mr. Rugg's bill settled, a thousand pounds would be a fortune to me. That matter I place in your hands. I authorise you, now, to break all this to the family in any way you think best. Miss Amy Dorrit will be with Mrs. Finching this morning. The sooner done the better. Can't be done too soon."

This conversation took place in Clennam's bedroom, while he was yet in bed. For, Mr. Pancks had knocked up the house and made his way in, very early in the morning; and, without once sitting down or standing still, had delivered himself of the whole of his details (illustrated with a variety of documents) at the bedside. He now said he would "go and look up Mr. Rugg," from whom his excited state of mind appeared to require another back; and bundling up his papers, and exchanging one more hearty shake of the hand with Clennam, he went at full speed down-stairs, and steamed off.

Clennam, of course, resolved to go direct to Mr. Casby's. He dressed and got out so quickly, that he found himself at the corner of the patriarchal street nearly an hour before her time; but he was not sorry to have the opportunity of calming himself with a leisurely walk.

When he returned to the street, and had knocked at the bright brass knocker, he was informed that she had come, and was shown up-stairs to Flora's breakfast-room. Little Dorrit was not there herself, but Flora was, and testified the greatest amazement at seeing him.

"Good gracious, Arthur—Doyce and Clennam!" cried that lady, "who would have ever thought of seeing such a sight as this and

pray excuse a wrapper for upon my word I really never and a faded check too which is worse but our little friend is making me a, not that I need mind mentioning it to you for you must know that there are such things a skirt, and having arranged that a trying on should take place after breakfast is the reason though I wish not so badly starched."

"I ought to make an apology," said Arthur, "for so early and abrupt a visit; but you will excuse it when I tell you the cause."

"In times for ever fled Arthur" returned Mrs. Finching, "pray excuse me Doyce and Clennam infinitely more correct and though unquestionably distant still 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view, at least I don't mean that and if I did I suppose it would depend considerably on the nature of the view, but I'm running on again and you put it all out of my head."

She glanced at him tenderly, and resumed :

"In times for ever fled I was going to say it would have sounded strange indeed for Arthur Clennam—Doyce and Clennam naturally quite different—to make apologies for coming here at any time, but that is past and what is past can never be recalled except in his own case as poor Mr. F said when he was in spirits Cucumber and therefore never ate it."

She was making the tea when Arthur came in, and now hastily finished that operation.

"Papa," she said, all mystery and whisper, as she shut down the tea-pot lid, "is sitting prosingly breaking his new-laid egg in the back parlor over the City article exactly like the Woodpecker Tapping and need never know that you are here, and our little friend you are well aware may be fully trusted when she comes down from cutting out on the large table overhead."

Arthur then told her, in the fewest words, that it was their little friend he came to see; and what he had to announce to their little friend. At which astounding intelligence, Flora clasped her hands, fell into a tremble, and shed tears of sympathy and pleasure, like the good-natured creature she really was.

"For gracious sake let me get out of the way first," said Flora, putting her hands to her ears, and moving towards the door, "or I know I shall go off dead and screaming and make everybody worse, and the dear little thing only this morning looking so nice and neat and good and yet so poor and now a fortune is she really and deserves it too! and might I mention it to Mr. F's aunt Arthur not Doyce and Clennam for this once or if objectionable not on any account."

Arthur nodded his free permission, since Flora shut out all verbal communication. Flora nodded in return to thank him, and hurried out of the room.

Little Dorrit's step was already on the stairs, and in another moment she was at the door. Do what he would to compose his face, he could not convey so much of an ordinary expression into it, but that the moment she saw it she dropped her work, and cried "Mr. Clennam! What's the matter!"

"Nothing, nothing. That is, no misfortune has happened. I

have come to tell you something, but it is a piece of great good-fortune."

"Good-fortune?"

"Wonderful fortune!"

They stood in a window, and her eyes, full of light, were fixed upon his face. He put an arm about her, seeing her likely to sink down. She put a hand upon that arm, partly to rest upon it, and partly so to preserve their relative positions as that her intent look at him should be shaken by no change of attitude in either of them. Her lips seemed to repeat "Wonderful fortune?" He repeated it again, aloud.

"Dear Little Dorrit! Your father."

The ice of the pale face broke at the word, and little lights and shoots of expression passed all over it. They were all expressions of pain. Her breath was faint and hurried. Her heart beat fast. He would have clasped the little figure closer, but he saw that the eyes appealed to him not to be moved.

"Your father can be free within this week. He does not know it; we must go to him, from here, to tell him of it. Your father will be free within a few days. Your father will be free within a few hours. Remember we must go to him, from here, to tell him of it!"

That brought her back. Her eyes were closing, but they opened again.

"This is not all the good-fortune. This is not all the wonderful good-fortune, my dear Little Dorrit. Shall I tell you more?"

Her lips shaped "Yes."

"Your father will be no beggar when he is free. He will want for nothing. Shall I tell you more? Remember! He knows nothing of it; we must go to him, from here, to tell him of it?"

She seemed to entreat him for a little time. He held her in his arm, and, after a pause, bent down his ear to listen.

"Did you ask me to go on?"

"Yes,"

"He will be a rich man. He is a rich man. A great sum of money is waiting to be paid over to him as his inheritance; you are all henceforth very wealthy. Bravest and best of children, I thank Heaven that you are rewarded!"

As he kissed her, she turned her head towards his shoulder, and raised her arm towards his neck; cried out "Father! Father! Father!" and swooned away.

Upon which, Flora returned to take care of her, and hovered about her on a sofa, intermingling kind offices and incoherent scraps of conversation in a manner so confounding, that whether she pressed the Marshalsea to take a spoonful of unclaimed dividends, for it would do her good; or whether she congratulated Little Dorrit's father on coming into possession of a hundred thousand smelling-bottles; or whether she explained that she put seventy-five thousand drops of spirits of lavender on fifty thousand pounds of lump sugar, and that she entreated Little Dorrit to take that gentle restorative; or whether she bathed the foreheads of Doyce and Clennam in vinegar, and gave the late Mr. F more air; no one with any sense of responsibility could have undertaken to decide. A tributary stream of

confusion, moreover, poured in from an adjoining bedroom, where Mr. F's Aunt appeared, from the sound of her voice, to be in a horizontal posture, awaiting her breakfast; and from which bower that inexorable lady snapped off short taunts, whenever she could get a hearing, as, "Don't believe it's his doing!" and "He needn't take no credit to himself for it!" and "It'll be long enough, I expect, afore he'll give up any of his own money!" all designed to disparage Clennam's share in the discovery, and to relieve those inveterate feelings with which Mr. F's Aunt regarded him.

But, Little Dorrit's solicitude to get to her father, and to carry the joyful tidings to him, and not to leave him in his jail a moment with this happiness in store for him and still unknown to him, did more for her speedy restoration than all the skill and attention on earth could have done. "Come with me to my dear father. Pray come and tell my dear father!" were the first words she said. Her father, her father. She spoke of nothing but him, thought of nothing but him. Kneeling down and pouring out her thankfulness with uplifted hands, her thanks were for her father.

Flora's tenderness was quite overcome by this, and she launched out among the cups and saucers into a wonderful flow of tears and speech.

"I declare," she sobbed, "I never was so cut up since your mama and my papa not Doyce and Clennam for this once but give the precious little thing a cup of tea and make her put it to her lips at least pray Arthur do, not even Mr. F's last illness for that was of another kind and gout is not a child's affection though very painful for all parties and Mr. F a martyr with his leg upon a rest and the wine trade in itself inflammatory for they will do it more or less among themselves and who can wonder, it seems like a dream I am sure to think of nothing at all this morning and now Mines of money is it really, but you must you know my darling love because you never will be strong enough to tell him all about it upon teaspoons, mightn't it be even best to try the directions of my own medical man for though the flavor is anything but agreeable still I force myself to do it as a prescription and find the benefit, you'd rather not why no my dear I'd rather not but still I do it as a duty, everybody will congratulate you some in earnest and some not and many will congratulate you with all their hearts but none more so I do assure you than from the bottom of my own I do myself though sensible of blundering and being stupid, and will be judged by Arthur not Doyce and Clennam for this once so good-bye darling and God bless you and may you be very happy and excuse the liberty, vowing that the dress shall never be finished by anybody else but shall be laid by for a keepsake just as it is and called Little Dorrit though why that strangest of denominations at any time I never did myself and now I never shall!"

Thus Flora, in taking leave of her favorite. Little Dorrit thanked her, and embraced her, over and over again; and finally came out of the house with Clennam, and took coach for the Marshalsea.

It was a strangely unreal ride through the old squalid streets, with a sensation of being raised out of them, into an airy world of wealth and "grandeur." When Arthur told her that she would soon ride in her

own carriage through very different scenes, when all these familiar experiences would have vanished away, she looked frightened. But, when he substituted her father for herself, and told her how he would ride in his carriage, and how great and grand he would be, her tears of joy and innocent pride fell fast. Seeing that the happiness her mind could realise was all shining upon him, Arthur kept that single figure before her; and so they rode brightly through the poor streets in the prison neighbourhood, to carry him the great news.

When Mr. Chivery, who was on duty, admitted them into the Lodge, he saw something in their faces which filled him with astonishment. He stood looking after them, when they hurried into the prison, as though he perceived that they had come back accompanied by a ghost a-piece. Two or three Collegians whom they passed, looked after them too, and presently joining Mr. Chivery, formed a little group on the Lodge steps, in the midst of which there spontaneously originated a whisper that the Father was going to get his discharge. Within a few minutes, it was heard in the remotest room in the College.

Little Dorrit opened the door from without, and they both entered. He was sitting in his old grey gown, and his old black cap, in the sunlight by the window, reading his newspaper. His glasses were in his hand, and he had just looked round; surprised at first, no doubt, by her step upon the stairs, not expecting her until night; surprised again, by seeing Arthur Clennam in her company. As they came in, the same unwonted look in both of them which had already caught attention in the yard below, struck him. He did not rise or speak, but laid down his glasses and his newspaper on the table beside him, and looked at them with his mouth a little open, and his lips trembling. When Arthur put out his hand, he touched it, but not with his usual state; and then he turned to his daughter, who had sat down close beside him with her hands upon his shoulder, and looked attentively in her face.

“Father! I have been made so happy this morning!”

“You have been made so happy, my dear?”

“By Mr. Clennam, father. He brought me such joyful and wonderful intelligence about you! If he had not, with his great kindness and gentleness, prepared me for it, father—prepared me for it, father—I think I could not have borne it.”

Her agitation was exceedingly great, and the tears rolled down her face. He put his hand suddenly to his heart, and looked at Clennam.

“Compose yourself, sir,” said Clennam, “and take a little time to think. To think of the brightest and most fortunate accidents of life. We have all heard of great surprises of joy. They are not at an end, sir. They are rare, but not at an end.”

“Mr. Clennam? Not at an end? Not at an end for—” He touched himself upon the breast, instead of saying “me.”

“No,” returned Clennam.

“What surprise,” he asked, keeping his left hand over his heart, and there stopping in his speech, while with his right hand he put his glasses exactly level on the table: “what such surprise can be in store for me?”

"Let me answer with another question. Tell me, Mr. Dorrit, what surprise would be the most unlooked for and the most acceptable to you. Do not be afraid to imagine it, or to say what it would be."

He looked stedfastly at Clennam, and, so looking at him, seemed to change into a very old haggard man. The sun was bright upon the wall beyond the window, and on the spikes at top. He slowly stretched out the hand that had been upon his heart, and pointed at the wall.

"It is down," said Clennam. "Gone!"

He remained in the same attitude, looking stedfastly at him.

"And in its place," said Clennam, slowly and distinctly, "are the means to possess and enjoy the utmost that they have so long shut out. Mr. Dorrit, there is not the smallest doubt that within a few days you will be free, and highly prosperous. I congratulate you with all my soul on this change of fortune, and on the happy future into which you are soon to carry the treasure you have been blest with here—the best of all the riches you can have elsewhere—the treasure at your side."

With those words, he pressed his hand and released it; and his daughter, laying her face against his, encircled him in the hour of his prosperity with her arms, as she had in the long years of his adversity encircled him with her love and toil and truth; and poured out her full heart in gratitude, hope, joy, blissful cestacy, and all for him.

"I shall see him, as I never saw him yet. I shall see my dear love, with the dark cloud cleared away. I shall see him, as my poor mother saw him long ago. O my dear, my dear! O father, father! O thank God, thank God!"

He yielded himself to her kisses and caresses, but did not return them, except that he put an arm about her. Neither did he say one word. His stedfast look was now divided between her and Clennam, and he began to shake as if he were very cold. Explaining to Little Dorrit that he would run to the coffee-house for a bottle of wine, Arthur fetched it with all the haste he could use. While it was being brought from the cellar to the bar, a number of excited people asked him what had happened; when he hurriedly informed them, that Mr. Dorrit had succeeded to a fortune.

On coming back with the wine in his hand, he found that she had placed her father in his easy chair, and had loosened his shirt and neckcloth. They filled a tumbler with wine, and held it to his lips. When he had swallowed a little, he took the glass himself and emptied it. Soon after that, he leaned back in his chair and cried, with his handkerchief before his face.

After this had lasted a while, Clennam thought it a good season for diverting his attention from the main surprise, by relating its details. Slowly, therefore, and in a quiet tone of voice, he explained them as he best could, and enlarged on the nature of Pancks's service.

"He shall be—ha—he shall be handsomely recompensed, sir," said the Father, starting up and moving hurriedly about the room. "Assure yourself, Mr. Clennam, that everybody concerned shall be—ha—shall be nobly rewarded. No one, my dear sir, shall say that he has an

unsatisfied claim against me. I shall repay the—hum—the advances I have had from you, sir, with peculiar pleasure. I beg to be informed, at your early convenience, what advances you have made my son."

He had no purpose in going about the room, but he was not still a moment.

"Everybody," he said, "shall be remembered. I will not go away from here in anybody's debt. All the people who have been—ha—well behaved towards myself and my family, shall be rewarded. Chivery shall be rewarded. Young John shall be rewarded. I particularly wish, and intend, to act munificently, Mr. Clennam."

"Will you allow me," said Arthur, laying his purse on the table, "to supply any present contingencies, Mr. Dorrit? I thought it best to bring a sum of money for the purpose."

"Thank you, sir, thank you. I accept with readiness, at the present moment, what I could not an hour ago have conscientiously taken. I am obliged to you for the temporary accommodation. Exceedingly temporary, but well timed—well timed." His hand had closed upon the money, and he carried it about with him. "Be so kind, sir, as to add the amount to those former advances to which I have already referred; being careful, if you please, not to omit advances made to my son. A mere verbal statement of the gross amount is all I shall—ha—all I shall require,"

His eye fell upon his daughter at this point, and he stopped for a moment to kiss her, and to pat her head.

"It will be necessary to find a milliner, my love, and to make a speedy and complete change in your very plain dress. Something must be done with Maggy too, who at present is—ha—barely respectable, barely respectable. And your sister, Amy, and your brother. And *my* brother, your uncle—poor soul, I trust this will rouse him—messengers must be despatched to fetch them. They must be informed of this. We must break it to them cautiously, but they must be informed directly. We owe it as a duty to them, and to ourselves, from this moment, not to let them—hum—not to let them do anything."

This was the first intimation he had ever given, that he was privy to the fact that they did something for a livelihood.

He was still jogging about the room, with the purse clutched in his hand, when a great cheering arose in the yard. "The news has spread already," said Clennam, looking down from the window. "Will you show yourself to them, Mr. Dorrit? They are very earnest, and they evidently wish it."

"I—hum—ha—I confess I could have desired, Amy my dear," he said, jogging about in a more feverish flutter than before, "to have made some change in my dress first, and to have bought a—hum—a watch and chain. But if it must be done as it is, it—ha—it must be done. Fasten the collar of my shirt, my dear. Mr. Clennam, would you oblige me—hum—with a blue neckcloth you will find in that drawer at your elbow. Button my coat across at the chest, my love. It looks—ha—it looks broader, buttoned."

With his trembling hand he pushed his grey hair up, and then, taking Clennam and his daughter for supporters, appeared at the

window leaning on an arm of each. The Collegians cheered him very heartily, and he kissed his hand to them with great urbanity and protection. When he withdrew into the room again, he said "Poor creatures!" in a tone of much pity for their miserable condition.

Little Dorrit was deeply anxious that he should lie down to compose himself. On Arthur's speaking to her of his going to inform Pancks that he might now appear as soon as he would, and pursue the joyful business to its close, she entreated him in a whisper to stay with her, until her father should be quite calm and at rest. He needed no second entreaty; and she prepared her father's bed, and begged him to lie down. For another half-hour or more he would be persuaded to do nothing but go about the room, discussing with himself the probabilities for and against the Marshal's allowing the whole of the prisoners to go to the windows of the official residence which commanded the street, to see himself and family depart for ever in a carriage—which, he said, he thought would be a sight for them. But, gradually, he began to droop and tire, and at last stretched himself upon the bed.

She took her faithful place beside him, fanning him and cooling his forehead; and he seemed to be falling asleep (always with the money in his hand), when he unexpectedly sat up and said:

"Mr. Clennam, I beg your pardon. Am I to understand, my dear sir, that I could—ha—could pass through the Lodge at this moment, and—hum—take a walk?"

"I think not, Mr. Dorrit," was the unwilling reply. "There are certain forms to be completed; and although your detention here is now in itself a form, I fear it is one that for a little longer has to be observed too."

At this he shed tears again.

"It is but a few hours, sir," Clennam cheerfully urged upon him.

"A few hours, sir," he returned in a sudden passion. "You talk very easily of hours, sir! How long do you suppose, sir, that an hour is to a man who is choking for want of air?"

It was his last demonstration for that time; as, after shedding some more tears and querulously complaining that he couldn't breathe, he slowly fell into a slumber. Clennam had abundant occupation for his thoughts, as he sat in the quiet room watching the father on his bed, and the daughter fanning his face.

Little Dorrit had been thinking too. After softly putting his grey hair aside, and touching his forehead with her lips, she looked towards Arthur, who came nearer to her, and pursued in a low whisper the subject of her thoughts.

"Mr. Clennam, will he pay all his debts before he leaves here?"

"No doubt. All."

"All the debts for which he has been imprisoned here, all my life and longer?"

"No doubt."

There was something of uncertainty and remonstrance in her look; something that was not all satisfaction. He wondered to detect it, and said:

"You are glad that he should do so?"

“Are you?” asked Little Dorrit, wistfully.

“Am I? Most heartily glad!”

“Then I know I ought to be.”

“And are you not?”

“It seems to me hard,” said Little Dorrit, “that he should have lost so many years and suffered so much, and at last pay all the debts as well. It seems to me hard that he should pay in life and money both.”

“My dear child—” Clennam was beginning.

“Yes, I know I am wrong,” she pleaded timidly, “don’t think any worse of me; it has grown up with me here.”

The prison, which could spoil so many things, had tainted Little Dorrit’s mind no more than this. Engendered as the confusion was, in compassion for the poor prisoner, her father, it was the first speck Clennam had ever seen, it was the last speck Clennam ever saw, of the prison atmosphere upon her.

He thought this, and forbore to say another word. With the thought, her purity and goodness came before him in their brightest light. The little spot made them the more beautiful.

Worn out with her own emotions, and yielding to the silence of the room, her hand slowly slackened and failed in its fanning movement, and her head dropped down on the pillow at her father’s side. Clennam rose softly, opened and closed the door without a sound, and passed from the prison, carrying the quiet with him into the turbulent streets.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE MARSHALSEA BECOMES AN ORPHAN.

AND now the day arrived, when Mr. Dorrit and his family were to leave the prison for ever, and the stones of its much-trodden pavement were to know them no more.

The interval had been short, but he had greatly complained of its length, and had been imperious with Mr. Rugg touching the delay. He had been high with Mr. Rugg, and had threatened to employ some one else. He had requested Mr. Rugg not to presume upon the place in which he found him, but to do his duty, sir, and to do it with promptitude. He had told Mr. Rugg that he knew what lawyers and agents were, and that he would not submit to imposition. On that gentleman’s humbly representing that he exerted himself to the utmost, Miss Fanny was very short with him; desiring to know what less he could do, when he had been told a dozen times that money was no object, and expressing her suspicion that he forgot whom he talked to.

Towards the Marshal, who was a Marshal of many years’ standing, and with whom he had never had any previous difference, Mr. Dorrit

comported himself with severity. That officer, on personally tendering his congratulations, offered the free use of two rooms in his house for Mr. Dorrit's occupation until his departure. Mr. Dorrit thanked him at the moment, and replied that he would think of it; but the Marshal was no sooner gone than he sat down and wrote him a cutting note, in which he remarked that he had never on any former occasion had the honor of receiving his congratulations (which was true, though indeed there had not been anything particular to congratulate him upon), and that he begged, on behalf of himself and family, to repudiate the Marshal's offer, with all those thanks which its disinterested character and its perfect independence of all worldly considerations demanded.

Although his brother showed so dim a glimmering of interest in their altered fortunes, that it was very doubtful whether he understood them, Mr. Dorrit caused him to be measured for new raiment by the hosiers, tailors, hatters, and bootmakers whom he called in for himself; and ordered that his old clothes should be taken from him and burned. Miss Fanny and Mr. Tip required no direction in making an appearance of great fashion and elegance; and the three passed this interval together at the best hotel in the neighbourhood—though truly, as Miss Fanny said, the best was very indifferent. In connexion with that establishment, Mr. Tip hired a cabriolet, horse, and groom, a very neat turn-out, which was usually to be observed for two or three hours at a time, gracing the Borough High Street, outside the Marshalsea courtyard. A modest little hired chariot and pair was also frequently to be seen there; in alighting from and entering which vehicle, Miss Fanny fluttered the Marshal's daughters by the display of inaccessible bonnets.

A great deal of business was transacted in this short period. Among other items, Messrs. Peddle and Pool, solicitors, of Monument Yard, were instructed by their client Edward Dorrit, Esquire, to address a letter to Mr. Arthur Clennam, enclosing the sum of forty-four pounds nine shillings and eightpence, being the amount of principal and interest computed at the rate of five per cent per annum, in which their client believed himself to be indebted to Mr. Clennam. In making this communication and remittance, Messrs. Peddle and Pool were further instructed by their client to remind Mr. Clennam, that the favor of the advancee now repaid had not been asked of him, and to inform him that it would not have been accepted if it had been openly proffered in his name. With which they requested a stamped receipt, and remained his obedient servants. A great deal of business had likewise to be done, within the so-soon-to-be-orphaned Marshalsea, by Mr. Dorrit so long its Father, chiefly arising out of applications made to him by Collegians for small sums of money. To these he responded with the greatest liberality, and with no lack of formality; always first writing to appoint a time at which the applicant might wait upon him in his room, and then receiving him in the midst of a vast accumulation of documents, and accompanying his donation (for he said in every such case, "it is a donation, not a loan") with a great deal of good counsel: to the effect that he, the expiring Father of the Marshalsea, hoped to be long remembered, as an example that a man might preserve his own and the general respect even there.

The Collegians were not envious. Besides that they had a personal and traditional regard for a Collegian of so many years standing, the event was creditable to the College, and made it famous in the newspapers. Perhaps more of them thought, too, than were quite aware of it, that the thing might in the lottery of chances have happened to themselves, or that something of the sort might yet happen to themselves, some day or other. They took it very well. A few were low at the thought of being left behind, and being left poor; but even these did not grudge the family their brilliant reverse. There might have been much more envy in politer places. It seems probable that mediocrity of fortune would have been disposed to be less magnanimous than the Collegians, who lived from hand to mouth—from the pawn-broker's hand to the day's dinner.

They got up an address to him, which they presented in a neat frame and glass (though it was not afterwards displayed in the family mansion or preserved among the family papers); and to which he returned a gracious answer. In that document he assured them, in a Royal manner, that he received the profession of their attachment with a full conviction of its sincerity; and again generally exhorted them to follow his example—which, at least in so far as coming into a great property was concerned, there is no doubt they would have gladly imitated. He took the same occasion of inviting them to a comprehensive entertainment, to be given to the whole College in the yard, and at which he signified he would have the honor of taking a parting glass to the health and happiness of all those whom he was about to leave behind.

He did not in person dine at this public repast (it took place at two in the afternoon, and his dinners now came in from the hotel at six), but his son was so good as to take the head of the principal table, and to be very free and engaging. He himself went about among the company, and took notice of individuals, and saw that the viands were of the quality he had ordered, and that all were served. On the whole, he was like a baron of the olden time, in a rare good humour. At the conclusion of the repast, he pledged his guests in a bumper of old Madeira; and told them that he hoped they had enjoyed themselves, and what was more, that they would enjoy themselves for the rest of the evening; that he wished them well; and that he bade them welcome. His health being drunk with acclamations, he was not so baronial after all but that in trying to return thanks he broke down, in the manner of a mere serf with a heart in his breast, and wept before them all. After this great success, which he supposed to be a failure, he gave them “Mr. Chivery and his brother officers;” whom he had beforehand presented with ten pounds each, and who were all in attendance. Mr. Chivery spoke to the toast, saying, What you undertake to lock up, lock up; but remember that you are, in the words of the fettered African, a man and a brother ever. The list of toasts disposed of, Mr. Dorrit urbanely went through the motions of playing a game at skittles with the Collegian who was the next oldest inhabitant to himself; and left the tenantry to their diversions.

But, all these occurrences preceded the final day. And now the day

arrived when he and his family were to leave the prison for ever, and when the stones of its much trodden pavement were to know them no more.

Noon was the hour appointed for the departure. As it approached, there was not a Collegian within doors, nor a turnkey absent. The latter class of gentlemen appeared in their Sunday clothes, and the greater part of the Collegians were brightened up as much as circumstances allowed. Two or three flags were even displayed, and the children put on odds and ends of ribbon. Mr. Dorrit himself, at this trying time, preserved a serious but graceful dignity. Much of his attention was given to his brother, as to whose bearing on the great occasion he felt anxious.

"My dear Frederick," said he, "if you will give me your arm, we will pass among our friends together. I think it is right that we should go out arm in arm, my dear Frederick."

"Hah!" said Frederick. "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"And if, my dear Frederick,—if you could, without putting any great constraint upon yourself, throw a little (pray excuse me, Frederick), a little polish into your usual demeanor—"

"William, William," said the other, shaking his head, "it's for you to do all that. I don't know how. All forgotten, forgotten!"

"But, my dear fellow," returned William, "for that very reason, if for no other, you must positively try to rouse yourself. What you have forgotten you must now begin to recall, my dear Frederick. Your position—"

"Eh?" said Frederick.

"Your position, my dear William."

"Mine?" He looked first at his own figure, and then at his brother's, and then, drawing a long breath, cried, "Hah, to be sure! Yes, yes, yes."

"Your position, my dear Frederick, is now a fine one. Your position as my brother is a very fine one. And I know that it belongs to your conscientious nature, to try to become worthy of it, my dear Frederick, and to try to adorn it. To be no discredit to it, but to adorn it."

"William," said the other weakly, and with a sigh, "I will do anything you wish, my brother, provided it lies in my power. Pray be so kind as to recollect what a limited power mine is. What would you wish me to do to-day, brother. Say what it is, only say what it is."

"My dearest Frederick, nothing. It is not worth troubling so good a heart as yours with."

"Pray trouble it," returned the other. "It finds it no trouble, William, to do anything it can for you."

William passed his hand across his eyes, and murmured with august satisfaction, "Blessings on your attachment, my poor dear fellow!" Then he said aloud, "Well, my dear Frederick, if you will only try, as we walk out, to shew that you are alive to the occasion—that you think about it—"

"What would you advise me to think about it?" returned his submissive brother.

"Oh! my dear Frederick, how can I answer you? I can only say what, in leaving these good people, I think myself."

"That's it!" cried his brother. "That will help me."

"I find that I think, my dear Frederick, and with mixed emotions in which a softened compassion predominates, What will they do without me!"

"True," returned his brother. "Yes, yes, yes, yes. I'll think that as we go. What will they do without my brother! Poor things! What will they do without him!"

Twelve o'clock having just struck, and the carriage being reported ready in the outer courtyard, the brothers proceeded down stairs arm-in-arm. Edward Dorrit, Esquire (once Tip), and his sister Fanny followed, also arm-in-arm; Mr. Plornish and Maggy, to whom had been entrusted the removal of such of the family effects as were considered worth removing, followed, bearing bundles and burdens to be packed in a cart.

In the yard, were the Collegians and turnkeys. In the yard, were Mr. Pancks and Mr. Rugg, come to see the last touch given to their work. In the yard, was Young John making a new epitaph for himself, on the occasion of his dying of a broken heart. In the yard, was the Patriarchal Casby, looking so tremendously benevolent that many enthusiastic Collegians grasped him fervently by the hand, and the wives and female relatives of many more Collegians kissed his hand, nothing doubting that he had done it all. In the yard, was the usual chorus of people proper to such a place. In the yard, was the man with the shadowy grievance respecting the Fund which the Marshal embezzled, who had got up at five in the morning to complete the copying of a perfectly unintelligible history of that transaction, which he had committed to Mr. Dorrit's care as a document of the last importance, calculated to stun the Government and effect the Marshal's downfall. In the yard, was the insolvent whose utmost energies were always set on getting into debt, who broke into prison with as much pains as other men have broken out of it, and who was always being cleared and complimented; while the insolvent at his elbow—a mere little, snivelling, striving tradesman, half dead of anxious efforts to keep out of debt—found it a hard matter, indeed, to get a Commissioner to release him with much reproof and reproach. In the yard, was the man of many children and many burdens, whose failure astonished everybody; in the yard, was the man of no children and large resources, whose failure astonished nobody. There, were the people who were always going out to-morrow, and always putting it off; there, were the people who had come in yesterday, and who were much more jealous and resentful of this freak of fortune than the seasoned birds. There, were some who, in pure meanness of spirit, cringed and bowed before the enriched Collegian and his family; there, were others who did so really because their eyes, accustomed to the gloom of their imprisonment and poverty, could not support the light of such bright sunshine. There, were many whose shillings had gone into his pocket to buy him meat and drink; but none who were now obtrusively Hail fellow well met! with him, on the strength of that assistance. It was rather to

be remarked of the caged birds, that they were a little shy of the bird about to be so grandly free, and that they had a tendency to withdraw themselves towards the bars, and seem a little fluttered as he passed.

Through these spectators, the little procession, headed by the two brothers, moved slowly to the gate. Mr. Dorrit, yielding to the vast speculation how the poor creatures were to get on without him, was great, and sad, but not absorbed. He patted children on the head like Sir Roger de Coverley going to church, he spoke to people in the background by their Christian names, he condescended to all present, and seemed for their consolation to walk encircled by the legend in golden characters, "Be comforted, my people! Bear it!"

At last three honest cheers announced that he had passed the gate, and that the Marshalsea was an orphan. Before they had ceased to ring in the echoes of the prison walls, the family had got into their carriage, and the attendant had the steps in his hand.

Then, and not before, "Good Gracious!" cried Miss Fanny all at once, "Where's Amy!"

Her father had thought she was with her sister. Her sister had thought she was "somewhere or other." They had all trusted to finding her, as they had always done, quietly in the right place at the right moment. This going away was perhaps the very first action of their joint lives that they had got through without her.

A minute might have been consumed in the ascertaining of these points, when Miss Fanny, who, from her seat in the carriage, commanded the long narrow passage leading to the Lodge, flushed indignantly.

"Now I do say, Pa," cried she, "that this is disgraceful!"

"What is disgraceful, Fanny?"

"I do say," she repeated, "this is perfectly infamous! Really almost enough, even at such a time as this, to make one wish one was dead! Here is that child Amy, in her ugly old shabby dress, which she was so obstinate about, Pa, which I over and over again begged and prayed her to change, and which she over and over again objected to, and promised to change to-day, saying she wished to wear it as long as ever she remained in there with you—which was absolute romantic nonsense of the lowest kind—here is that child Amy disgracing us, to the last moment and at the last moment, by being carried out in that dress after all. And by that Mr. Clennam too!"

The offence was proved, as she delivered the indictment. Clennam appeared at the carriage-door, bearing the little insensible figure in his arms.

"She has been forgotten," he said, in a tone of pity not free from reproach. "I ran up to her room (which Mr. Chivery showed me), and found the door open, and that she had fainted on the floor, dear child. She appeared to have gone to change her dress, and to have sunk down overpowered. It may have been the cheering, or it may have happened sooner. Take care of this poor cold hand, Miss Dorrit. Don't let it fall."

"Thank you, sir," returned Miss Dorrit, bursting into tears. "I believe I know what to do, if you'll give me leave. Dear Amy, open

your eyes, that's a love! Oh, Amy, Amy, I really am so vexed and ashamed! Do rouse yourself, darling! Oh, why are they not driving on! Pray, Pa, do drive on!"

The attendant, getting between Clennam and the carriage-door, with a sharp "By your leave, sir!" bundled up the steps, and they drove away.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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**[OVER.]**

Specific for Rheumatism, Toothache, Ticdoloreux, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Growing Pains, Sprains, Swellings, &c.

## TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT,

HAS received the highest Testimonials from Clergymen, Missionaries, and others, as to its efficacy in effecting a perfect cure in the above-named and similar painful diseases. With each bottle of the Liniment full directions are given, which, when strictly followed, have never been known to fail of their object.

Sufferers from Rheumatism, Toothache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, &c., will do well to read the following important Testimonials. The use of the Liniment has hitherto been confined chiefly to Edinburgh; but such Testimonials ought to recommend it to all persons afflicted with such painful complaints.

### TESTIMONIALS.

"We, the undersigned Ministers of the Gospel, having instances within our personal knowledge of striking attestations from Members of our Congregations, or others equally well known to us, of the astonishing efficiency of TAYLOR'S LINIMENT, have much satisfaction in calling public attention in this manner to its medical virtues in removing Rheumatism, Lumbago, Ticdoloreux, Spasms, Swellings, &c.; and we think the community is under special obligation to the Proprietor for its preparation. We trust, ere long, when its remedial properties are better known, it will be found not only in every apothecary's shop, but also in the dwelling of every family.

(Signed) "D. CROOM, Minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Portsburgh, Edinburgh.  
"W. TASKER, Minister, Dr. Chalmers' Territorial Church, Edinburgh.  
"J. ROBERTSON, Minister, United Presbyterian Church, Newington, Edinburgh.  
"W. REID, Minister, United Presbyterian Church, Lothian Road, Edinburgh.  
"D. M'EWAN, Minister, South College Street, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, Sept. 18, 1855.

"We, the undersigned Missionaries of the City of Edinburgh, most cordially lend the influence of our names in attestation of the value of TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT in speedily removing the various kinds of Rheumatic Affections, and fully corroborate the truthfulness of the many Testimonials we have seen in its favour. We have met with cases that seemed to defy all ordinary treatment, and in which there was entertained but little hope of recovery; and in these cases restoration to perfect health and activity has been the result, after a few applications of the Liniment. We can therefore recommend it to the public with the utmost confidence. Where the Liniment is properly applied, there is little or no fear of failure.

(Signed) "JAMES ANDERSON, of Portsburgh, 3, Portland-place.  
"ALEX. FAIRGRIEVE, of Rose-street, 6, Cannongate.  
"THOMAS DOWNIE, of Nicholson-street, 6, Salisbury-street.  
"T. KAY, of North Leith, U. P. Church, 13, Cannon-street, Leith.  
"J. SANDERSON, of Lady Yester's Parish."

To the Rev. W. H. Gray, of Lady Yester's Parish, Edinburgh.

"Rev. Sir,—It is with feelings of sincere gratitude I now thank you for presenting me with a bottle of TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT. It has completely cured the Rheumatism in my leg. Now I have ease, and can rest at night, which I have not experienced for many years. A friend at Newington has derived equal benefit from its application.—I remain, your obedient servant,

"W. M. WILSON."

To the Proprietor, with the above.

"DEAR SIR,—You will be glad to receive the above Testimonial. It is from a highly-respectable young man, a member of my congregation. I hope your Liniment will become widely known, as I believe it is an excellent cure for Rheumatism, &c.—Yours truly,

"W. H. GRAY."

From Mr. Thomas Fairgrieve, Druggist, Edinburgh.

"SIR,—Having been the first druggist who undertook the sale of TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT, I have been requested to give my opinion as to its sale and general acceptability with the public. I have much pleasure in stating that I never knew a patent medicine attain so great a celebrity in so short a space of time. I have long dealt in most of the popular medicines of the day, but for none have so many purchasers returned again, and at the same time expressed their thanks for the cures effected by it. Among its purchasers are people in all ranks of society, who speak in most decided terms of its general efficacy, and, in many instances, make further purchases for the benefit of friends. I can vouch for the genuineness of the testimonials, as many of the writers are personally known to me.

"THOMAS FAIRGRIEVE."

## TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT, A CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

*From James Drummond, Esq., 118, Princes-street, Edinburgh.**"To the Proprietor of Taylor's Specific Liniment." August 1st, 1856.*

**SIR**—I feel myself in duty bound, for the sake of others, to inform you that your Liniment has completely cured Mrs. Drummond of a severe attack of TOOTHACHE instantly and without giving the slightest pain. I may further mention that other two of our friends were also instantaneously cured from the same small bottle, and none of them have had the slightest symptom of a return. We feel confident that the liniment must, ere long, become as universally adopted as a cure for TOOTHACHE as it has already become for Rheumatic affections. Were every person to possess a small quantity, in order that it might be applied on a first attack, what a vast amount of suffering would be prevented; as I can state from experience, as well as from the testimony of others, that it seldom, if ever, fails to effect a permanent and thorough cure, when properly applied.

**"JAMES DRUMMOND."***To the Rev. W. Tasker, of Dr. Chalmers' Territorial Church, Edinburgh.**"170, Fountain, Bridge, July 8, 1856.*

**REV. DEAR SIR**—I shall ever feel grateful to you for having turned our attention to the amazing efficacy of TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT. You are aware that Mrs. Rollo has been a complete martyr to Toothache and Rheumatism in her head for at least six months; and although she had the best medical advice, and had recourse to almost every remedy prescribed, she could find no relief till you so kindly procured for her a bottle of the above Liniment; and, however incredible it may appear, I can assure you that, after three applications, a thorough cure was effected, without the slightest pain. We look on it as one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on our family.—Your obedient Servant,

**"ANDREW ROLLO."***"45, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, July 9, 1856.*

"I hereby certify that Mrs. Rollo, referred to in the preceding letter to me, was a severe sufferer from Rheumatic Toothache, &c., as I myself have witnessed; and that from an intimate knowledge of years, as a member of my church, I can certify that she, as well as her husband, are persons of *unimpeachable character and integrity.*"

**"W. TASKER."***From John Ritchie, Esq., F.R.E.I.S., and Head Master of George Heriot's School, High School Yard.**"To the Proprietor of Taylor's Liniment.**"Edinburgh, June 14, 1856.*

**SIR**—It is an act of justice as well as of gratitude that I inform you of the great benefits which I have recently derived from the use of your SPECIFIC LINIMENT. I was lately prevented from attending my usual duties by a severe attack of Rheumatism in the legs; and after using various remedies without obtaining any relief, I was at last induced to make trial of a small bottle of your Liniment. It affords me pleasure to state that, after two or three applications, the pains were completely removed, and I have had no attack of the disease since. My confidence in the peculiar properties of the Liniment in removing Rheumatic Affections has also been confirmed by the cure of a violent case of Sciatica, with which one of the members of my family was afflicted. From these facts, as well as from others which have recently come to my knowledge, I have no doubt whatever that your Liniment will be the means of alleviating, if not of entirely removing, much suffering.—I am, yours, &c.

**"JOHN RITCHIE."***From Charles Green, Esq., Grange-place, Edinburgh.**"8th June, 1854.*

"I cannot speak too highly of the excellence of TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT. Mrs. G. was seized in the spring with Rheumatism in one of its severest forms, which completely deprived her of sleep and rest, and threatened to set at defiance all medical treatment; but having been fortunately recommended to your LINIMENT, she was restored to perfect health after a few applications. We do not feel surprised to hear of the great demand that there is for it, as we feel assured that it only requires to be known to be generally adopted.

*From Mrs. Galloway, wife of John Galloway, Esq., Shipmaster, 20, Shore, Leith, 1st Nov., 1854.*

**SIR**—Having been severely afflicted for a long time with Rheumatism in the head, I was at length fortunately induced to try your Liniment, and, although unknown to you, I feel great pleasure in bearing testimony to its beneficial effects. I am quite relieved from all pain through the efficacy of this wonderful Liniment.

TAYLOR'S SPECIFIC LINIMENT is sold in bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, with full directions for use, and may be had in London of Messrs. Barclay and Co., Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard; Dietrichsen, Oxford-street; Raines and Co., Edinburgh, York, and Liverpool; T. Fairgrieve, Druggist, Edinburgh; of one Agent in most towns throughout the kingdom; and of most respectable medicine vendors.

# THE MOST USEFUL AND EASILY ADMINISTERED FAMILY MEDICINE, THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Prepared only by W. LOCKING & SON, Silver Street, Hull.

THE PROPERTIES of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, are such as cannot fail to recommend them to general adoption:—

*Firstly*—They are purely *Vegetable* in their composition, and are warranted free from all poisonous substances.

*Secondly*—They are *easy of administration*, to children as well as to adults, each Pill being in-crusted with a coating of sugar, and having the appearance and flavour of confits.

*Thirdly*—By the operation of these Pills *nature is assisted* to free herself from all unhealthy obstructions, in perfect harmony with her own laws. Unlike other medicines, so far from weakening, they impart strength. Impurities are expelled from the system. The stomach, freed from acrid bile and all clogging impediments, performs the digestive functions with ease. The lungs and bronchial tubes become emancipated from their diseased and mucous bond, and free and pleasant respiration ensues. Deposits in the joints and bones, causing excruciating rheumatic pains, are attacked and subdued. The liver, the spleen, and the kidneys, all perform harmonious healthy action. Vigour takes the place of languor, and, in fact, the whole animal economy is renewed and strengthened.

All who have tried the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS are enthusiastic in their praise. From the numerous testimonials received by the proprietor, a few are subjoined:—

## REMARKABLE CURES OF INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, &c.

MR. HENRY GLENDINING, of Stonecraft, near Fourstones, N.B., suffered for many years from a severe stomach complaint. He tried nearly every medicine which professed to cure such complaints, but without effect. He determined to give the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS a trial. After taking them for a short time, he was wonderfully restored to health. He has since recommended them to several persons in his neighbourhood affected with different complaints, and they have all been much benefited by their use.

MRS. MARY WAITE, Murton, near Berwick-on-Tweed, was for several years afflicted with a peculiar sensation and extreme giddiness in the head, which occasioned great alarm, in consequence of the sudden, frequent, and violent manner of attack, causing a degree of stupor amounting almost to insensibility. After having tried various medicines, and abandoned all hopes of relief, she heard of the great good which the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS had been instrumental in effecting, and was induced to try them. After using them but a very short time, she felt quite relieved of the distressing complaint, and expressed her gratitude to those who recommended them.

GEORGE MURRAY, of Lowhaughs, near Berwick-on-Tweed, was afflicted almost daily, for upwards of five years, with violent pains in the head, accompanied with severe sickness, and disordered bowels, so as to render him almost totally unable to attend to his ordinary employment. Observing the wonderful effect produced by the use of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS in the case of his brother, whose life had been despaired of, he resolved to try them for himself. He had taken four doses only, when he became perfectly free from pain, regained his lost appetite, and for the last six months has enjoyed better health than he ever experienced before.

MR. STEPHENSON, English-street, Hull, was long troubled with pains in the head and stomach, dizziness, &c. The AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS were recommended, and after taking two or three doses he obtained great relief. He keeps some by him as a family medicine, and has recommended many others to obtain them.

**CURE OF SEVERE HEADACHE.**—MRS. G. BLACKIE, Starch House, near Berwick-on-Tweed, was for several years afflicted with severe headache, sometimes to such an extent as to be unable to leave her bed. She was, however, induced to make a trial of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, and by using three of the smaller boxes she has perfectly recovered.

## SPEEDY REMOVAL OF RHEUMATIC PAINS, &c.

MR. DAVENPORT, Leaf-street, Hulme, Manchester, was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, so that he cou'd hardly raise his hand to his head. He was also labouring under general debility. He took some of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, and was completely restored to sound health.

WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH, Mount Pleasant, Rochdale, says:—"I have great pleasure in stating that after taking about thirty of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, I have been entirely free from Rheumatic Pains. Before taking them I could not sit down or rise up without great difficulty. Now, I am entirely without pain."

ROBERT TAIT, Scremerton, near Berwick-on-Tweed, had, in consequence of a severe cold, been afflicted for upwards of eighteen months with acute Rheumatism in his limbs and other parts of his body; and, though a young man of a strong, athletic frame, and a naturally vigorous constitution, he was reduced to so infirm and helpless a condition, that he could not put his clothes on or off without assistance, and was often unable to move himself without great pain. He was induced to make trial of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, and, after having taken only two small boxes, he was able to attend to his work. Hence, he considers it his duty to bear testimony to their healing efficacy.

MRS. PEACIMOND, Friar's-lane, Great Yarmouth, was for a long time afflicted with Rheumatism in the arm, just below the left shoulder. She obtained a box of the SUGAR-COATED PILLS, and before she had taken them all the pain was gone, and she was able to raise her hand above her head, which she could not do for a long time previously.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE OF RHEUMATISM.—MR. SAMUEL HESKETH, Swan-street, Hulme, Manchester, was afflicted for several months with excruciating pains from Rheumatism, caused by having caught severe colds, from constant exposure to alternate heat and cold. He was under treatment by a surgeon, but obtained no relief. He tried the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, the taking of four boxes of which entirely banished his Rheumatic Pains, which, up to that time, had been very severe.

LUMBAGO OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING, cured by the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS.—JONATHAN VASEY, Coxhoe, near Durham, was afflicted for upwards of twenty years with Lumbago, during which time he expended large sums of money for advice and medicine, but to no purpose. By taking one box of the SUGAR-COATED PILLS, he was greatly relieved; and, by persevering in their use, he declares that he is as well now as he was twenty-five years ago.

LUMBAGO.—MR. W. DAWSON, Little Peel, Blackburn, suffered acutely during two months from Lumbago. For five weeks he was in bed, and unable to turn or raise himself. Often he was compelled to shriek in consequence of his fearful pains. He commenced a course of the SUGAR-COATED PILLS, and in three days he felt better. Before he had taken them one week, he could raise himself out of bed; and he soon became quite strong, and in the enjoyment of perfect health.

CURE OF PLEURISY.—ANN MOSLEY, Blacklock Alley, Manchester, was long subject to severe pains in her side, caused by Pleurisy. By a timely administration of a few of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS she was greatly relieved, and in a short time entirely freed from pain.

### REMARKABLE CURES OF LIVER COMPLAINTS.

MR. JAMES BERRY, Albert-terrace, Rochdale-road, Manchester, was unable to attend to his business for twenty-two weeks, in consequence of his sufferings from a Liver Complaint. By using the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS he has recovered from that distressing complaint, and his general health is greatly improved.

MR. CHARLES PARKER, Minister, Norfolk-place, Beverley-road, Hull, was severely disordered with a Bilious Affection, and nearly sank under the treatment to which he was subjected. Having obtained relief from taking two of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, he persevered in the use of them, and before he had used one small boxful he was able to resume his pulpit duties.

T. SHEPHERDSON, Kirkburn, was for some months afflicted with pains in his side, attended with loss of appetite. After trying several medicines in vain, he took some of the SUGAR-COATED PILLS. After the first dose his pain was removed, and, by perseverance in the use of them, he was restored to perfect health.

MR. JOHN LAMB, Paradise-row, Coalpit-lane, Nottingham, was afflicted with Liver Complaint, and threatened consumption, and had found medical assistance vain. He was induced to try the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS. After taking three doses he felt himself, to use his own expression, a new man, and before finishing the first box he was able to attend to his accustomed employment.

### CURES OF ALARMING BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

CURE OF DIARRHEA.—MR. WILLIAM COLLEY, of North-court, Bridge-street, Hull, says:—"During the prevalence of the cholera here I was severely afflicted with *diarrhea* and *pain in my bowels*, attended with sickness; and after trying various medicines prescribed by medical men, could obtain no relief. The AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS being very strongly recommended, I procured a box, and am happy in bearing testimony to their efficacy in removing my complaint. I took five Pills, and in a short time was greatly relieved. I repeated the dose, when I began to find my complaint removing. After three days, during which I continued taking them, I not only found my complaint removed, but my stomach was strengthened, my appetite was improved, my whole system was renovated, and I was able to go to my work, and have continued to do so ever since, in general good health."

BOWEL COMPLAINT CURED.—ANN DOWNS, of Norfolk-place, Beverley-road, Hull, was exceedingly ill, almost to death, with a *bowel* complaint. By the use of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, she was restored to perfect health.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS CURED.—MR. K. COLLIS, Clock-alley, Todd-street, Manchester, suffered for three years from *inflammation of the bowels*, often accompanied with great agony. He tried various modes of treatment without any favourable result. At length, by the use of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, he was restored to regular action, and to health.

### CHEST COMPLAINTS, ASTHMA, &c.

COUGH AND DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING EFFECTUALLY RELIEVED.—MRS. ELIZABETH PRINGLE, Tweedmouth, Berwick-on-Tweed, aged seventy-four years, was afflicted with swelling in the chest, extreme difficulty of breathing, and severe cough, so that she was afraid to lie down in bed. After taking two boxes of the AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS, in small doses, she was quite recovered. On purchasing a third box to keep by her, she expressed a wish that her case might be made public for the benefit of others.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioner of Stamps have ordered the following inscription to be engraved on the Government Stamp:—"AMERICAN INDIAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS. W. LOCKING AND SON, PROPRIETOR." Be careful to observe this, as without it none are genuine.

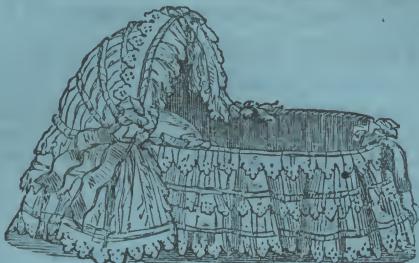
The AMERICAN SUGAR-COATED PILLS are sold in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, with full directions for use, and may be had in London of Messrs. Barelay and Co., Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Edwards, St. Paul's Church-yard; Dietrichsen, Oxford-street; of one agent in most towns throughout the kingdom; and of most respectable medicine vendors.

# **BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES,**

## **TWO-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS.**

BABIES'  
HOODS,  
HALF-A-GUINEA.

BABIES'  
CASHMERE  
CLOAKS,  
ONE GUINEA.



## **BABIES' BASKETS, ONE GUINEA.**

Valenciennes and Embroidered Frocks and Robes for Christening Presents; the same less expensive, for the Nursery. Baby-Linen, in complete sets, of varied qualities.

**ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MATERIALS USED IN THE BUSINESS,  
SOLD BY THE YARD.**

## **MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.**

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau," as well as the inexpensive things required for the "India Voyage." White Dressing Gowns, One Guinea; Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.; Ladies' Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.; Real Balbriggan Hosiery.

This part of the Business under the management of Mrs. TAYLOR.

## **LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS, CHAMOIS LEATHER, WITH BLACK FEET.**

## **RIDING TALMAS, 1½ GUINEA.**

Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.; School ditto, 25s.; Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d. Naval Cadets' Outfits complete.

## **RIDING HABITS, 5½ to 8 GUINEAS.**

## **BLACK MERINO HABITS FOR LITTLE GIRLS, TWO-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS.**

Everything of the superior excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

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**53, BAKER STREET,  
NEAR MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.**

**W. G. TAYLOR, late HALLIDAY.**

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S**  
**GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE,**  
**39, OXFORD STREET,**  
(CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET)

Nos. 1, 1a, 2, & 3, NEWMAN STREET; and 4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE,  
 LONDON.

**THE BEST SHOW OF IRON BEDSTEADS**  
 IN THE KINGDOM IS  
**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.**

He has FOUR LARGE ROOMS, devoted to the EXCLUSIVE SHOW of IRON AND BRASS  
 BEDSTEADS, AND CHILDREN'S COTS, with appropriate Bedding and Mattresses.

Common Iron Bedsteads, from 16s.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with  
 Dovetail Joints and Patent Sacking, from 17s. 6d.; and Cots from 20s. each. Handsome Ornamental Iron and  
 Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from £2 7s. 6d. to £15 15s.

**THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.**  
**THE REAL NICKEL SILVER,**

Introduced twenty years ago by

**WILLIAM S. BURTON,**

when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article  
 next to Sterling Silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can  
 it be distinguished from real Silver.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Tea Spoons, per dozen	18s. ....	26s. ....	32s. ....
Dessert Forks ,	30s. ....	40s. ....	46s. ....
Dessert Spoons ,	30s. ....	42s. ....	48s. ....
Table Forks ,	40s. ....	56s. ....	64s. ....
Table Spoons ,	40s. ....	58s. ....	66s. ....

Tea and Coffee Sets, Waiters, Candlesticks, &c., at proportionate Prices. All kinds of re-plating done by  
 the patent process.

**CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL, NOT PLATED.**

	Fiddle.	Thread.	King's.
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen	12s. ....	28s. ....	30s. ....
Dessert ditto and ditto	10s. ....	21s. ....	25s. ....
Tea ditto	5s. ....	11s. ....	12s. ....

**CUTLERY WARRANTED.**

The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on Sale at

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,**

at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales. 34-inch Ivory-handled Table Knives, with high shoulders, 11s. per dozen; Desserts to match, 10s. ; if to balance, 1s. per dozen extra; Carvers, 4s. per pair; Larger Sizes, from 19s. to 26s. per dozen; extra fine, Ivory, 32s. ; if with Silver Ferrules, 37s. to 50s. ; White Bone Table Knives, 7s. 6d. per dozen; Desserts, 5s. 6d.; Carvers, 2s. 6d.; Black Horn Table Knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; Desserts, 6s.; Carvers, 2s. 6d.; Black Wood-handled Table Knives and Forks, 6s. per dozen; Table Steels, from 1s. each. The largest Stock in existence of Plated Dessert Knives and Forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the New Plated Fish Carvers.

The late additions to these Extensive Premises (already by far the largest in Europe) are of such a character that the

**ENTIRE OF EIGHT HOUSES**

Is devoted to the display of the most Magnificent

**STOCK OF GENERAL HOUSE IRONMONGERY,**

(Including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated Goods, Baths, Brushes, Turnery, Lamps, Gasoliers, Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Bedding,) so arranged in Sixteen Large Show Rooms, as to afford to parties furnishing, facilities in the selection of goods that cannot be hoped for elsewhere.

**Illustrated Catalogues sent post free.**